

# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 413.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

[ONE PENNY.]

## THE PARIS FETES.

SUNDAY last was the great day in Paris, and the various amusements were favoured with delightful weather, the sun not being too powerful, and a gentle breeze playing occasionally to cool the air. The capital had, however, on the preceding day assumed its appearance of festivity, bright-coloured flags being hung out in all the principal thoroughfares; and as the visits of the various sovereigns and princes in the year of the Great Exhibition had furnished Paris with the banners of almost every European nation, such emblems were displayed very freely, and added to the animation of the scene. The arrivals of strangers during the preceding week had been extremely numerous, so that this great mass of spectators, added to the vast crowds which the Sunday left unoccupied, formed an enormous multitude of sight-seers on all the principal points of the fête.

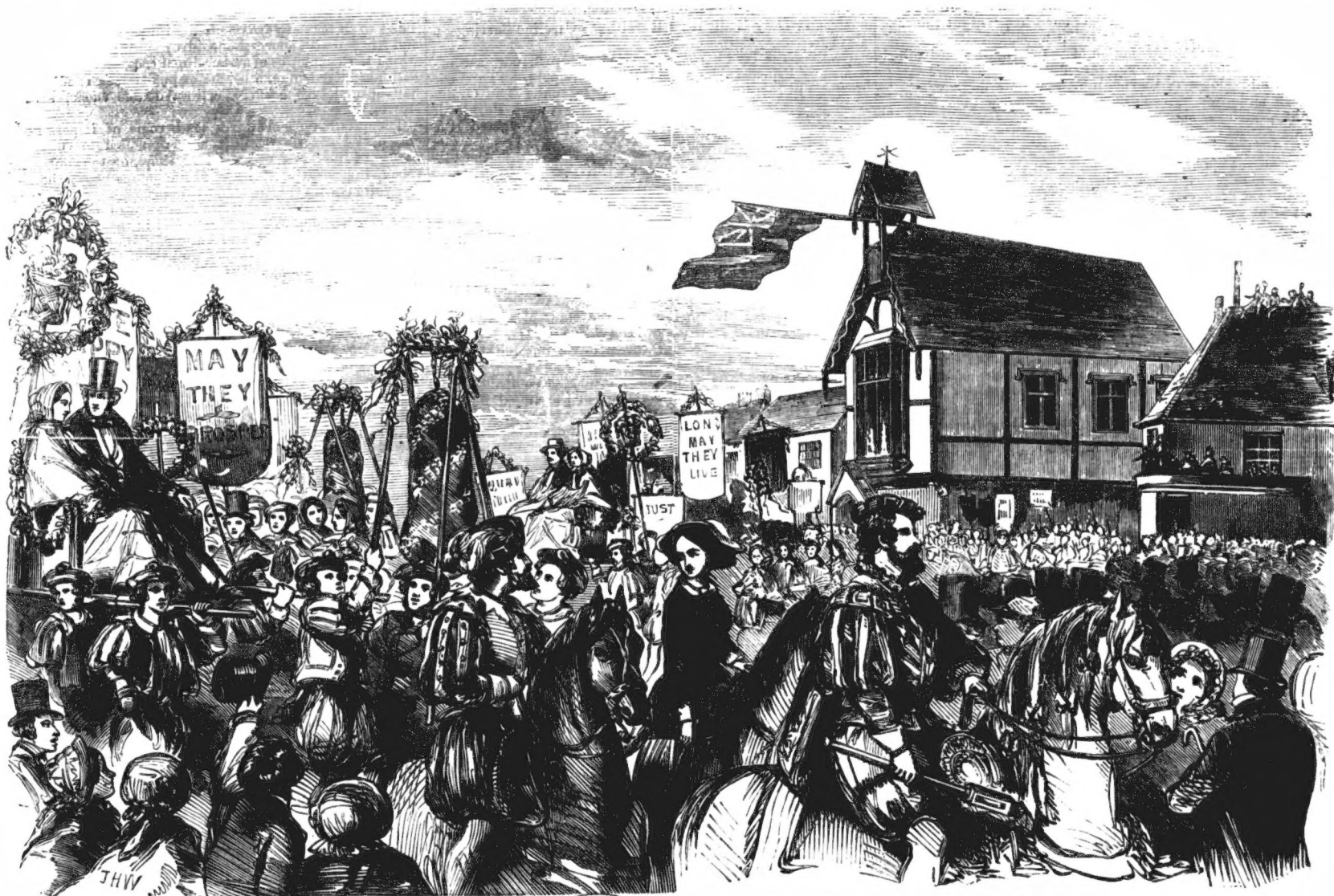
Considerable changes had been made in the general arrangements, as the open-air theatres, climbing-poles, and shows were placed in the Champ de Mars, and the fireworks let off on the Place du Trocadéro. Those two modifications appear to have been well imagined, first, because the petty dealers in the municipal stalls complained last year that they scarcely paid their expenses when fixed on the high grounds opposite the Pont-d'Iéna; and, next, because a certain danger was

connected with a pyrotechnic display, as has been the case for some years past, in a narrow space surrounded with buildings, like the place adjoining the Arc de Triomphe. As to the illuminations, they were, as usual, everywhere, but principally in the Garden of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs-Élysées, and the neighbourhood of the Champ de Mars.

The arrangements of the various proceedings was the same as on former occasions. At six in the morning the cannon of the Invalides announced that the fête had commenced, and immediately after a distribution of alms and provisions was made in the 20 arrondissements of the capital to such aged and necessitous persons as required assistance, the whole expense of this act of beneficence being defrayed from the Emperor's privy purse. The troops in the various barracks were allowed an additional quantity of wine, and all, except those indispensably required for duty, were allowed to leave their quarters, and remain out until twelve at night. A similar permission was given all over the empire, as the day is universally celebrated in France; and in the large garrison towns, such as Metz, Nancy, Strasbourg, Bourges, Grenoble, Chalons, Rennes, Toulouse, Toulon, Algiers, &c. Fireworks prepared by the troops were let off, collecting together large crowds of spectators, and leading to a very considerable circulation of money.

At about ten o'clock the old soldiers of the First Empire collected on the Place Vendôme in their strange uniforms, and getting into order walked round the column on the iron railing of which the wreaths of *immortelles* had been renewed. They afterwards proceeded to the chapel of the Invalides, to attend a special service performed there at eleven. At one, a solemn mass was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame, in presence of deputations from the Senate, Council of State, and Legislative Body, a great number of civil and military officials, and a large general congregation. A *Te Deum* was sung and the *Domine Salvum* followed; and similar services were given in all the other churches of Paris. We may mention that in the large towns of the departments the religious ceremonial is even more solemn, the richest robes being worn, the most splendid church ornaments exposed to view, and the processions being remarkable for their magnificence, for the 15th August is likewise the great church festival of the Assumption.

One of the greatest attractions of the day to the working classes is undoubtedly the gratuitous performances at the theatres; and in order to obtain places thousands are contented to remain long, weary hours outside, whatever may be the state of the weather. The practice was not departed from on the present occasion, and at the principal houses long files of spectators might be seen collecting at the doors from eight



PROCESSION OF THE DUNDON FRENCH IN THE OLDEN TIMES.—(SEE PAGE 1389.)



in the morning. At one, when the doors were opened, the great mass rushed in, and in five minutes every place was occupied. No more attentive or better conducted audiences can anywhere be found, or more alive to every point of excellence in the piece or of fine acting in the performers. Hence on no occasions are the artists more sedulous to do well or more nervous about the effect they may produce; and invariably the most popular pieces of the day are given.

When the few thousands that the theatres could contain had entered and made good their possession, the doors were closed and the others who were disappointed turned their footsteps elsewhere, principally through the garden of the Tuileries up the Champs-Élysées. Nothing can possibly be easier to describe than the preparations then terminated for the night fête. Down the central avenue of the garden and along the side alleys long festoons of white globes of ground glass hung from slight wooden pillars painted green, a cluster of a similar character crowning each pole. The whole ornamentation looked like strings of pearls, and was marked alike by elegance and simplicity. Round the basins the same white lines extended, and in the Place de la Concorde a precisely similar decoration was to be seen round the various divisions into which the large space is portioned out. Two lofty masts near the two fountains in the centre bore silk tricoloured flags of large dimensions, splendidly embroidered in gold, and each bearing the letter "N" and the imperial crown. Up the Champs-Élysées ran the same white festoons, whilst the Arc de Triomphe was ornamented on the top with a framework to bring out the name of Napoleon in jets of gas. The calculation is that about 50,000 banners were employed to compose the whole of this illumination in white globes.

Boat races took place at two on the Seine between the bridges of the Alma and Iéna, and continued until nearly five. Large crowds collected at both sides of the river to witness the proceedings.

The popular portion of the fête was held on the Champ de Mars, at the end near the Ecole Militaire. Along the side next the river were erected two lines of wooden stalls with a wide road between, and in these were displayed for sale all the cheap wares that are generally seen at country fairs. Parallel with the Ecole were to be seen refreshment booths, dancing tents, shows of various kinds, two theatres for pantomimes, and six climbing-poles, bearing each, as usual, a gold watch, silver spoon, and fork, gabel of the same metal, and a merschaum pipe, to reward the exertions of the successful competitors. The fête gave this year episodes of the war in Egypt under the First Napoleon, and as the customary quantity of gunpowder was consumed, and the French proved constantly victorious, the representations seemed to give great satisfaction. All this part of the ground was set out with flag-staffs displaying tricoloured streamers, and with stands, bearing many-coloured oil-glasses for the evening's illumination. As only a very small portion of the Champ de Mars was taken up with the stalls and shows, all the rest was left available for the general multitude who might wish to witness the display of fireworks let off from the Place du Trocadéro opposite.

The crowd was exceedingly large in this neighbourhood throughout the day, but increased particularly towards four o'clock, and continued to gain numbers until dusk. The dining-places on the ground and in the neighbourhood must have done a satisfactory business, as few persons seemed inclined to return to Paris for dinner, preferring to take whatever refreshment they could get on the ground. At last, when six o'clock came round, another salvo of artillery announced that the day-fête had come to an end, and then a lull ensued until about eight, the hour when "night thickens and the crow flies home to the rocky wood."

By that time the illumination of the Tuileries' Garden had been terminated, and the general effect could be appreciated. The white globes of the morning had now become a pale yellow under the influence of the gas, but the long lines of light pleased the sight, whatever the tint imparted to them. Amongst the trees immense chandeliers had been suspended, one after the other, from the branches, giving the idea of a vast ball-room all lit up, but before a single guest had entered. Lamps were placed round the edge of the square cases containing the orange-trees and presented a charming spectacle. But what was still more pleasing was a series of stands along part of the garden adjoining the Rue de Rivoli of the old variegated oil lamps, crimson, green, and yellow, looking exactly like the most brilliant jewellery. Variety of colour is an essential part of ornamentation, and however classical long ranges of light, white or yellow, may appear, they cannot for a moment vie with artistically-arranged tableaux of diversified hues. The triumphal arch at the end of the Champs-Élysées was an admirable specimen of lighting, the crown at the top and the word "Napoleon" being in topaz-colour, the wavy line underneath in green, and pendants from this last looking like rubies, whilst white gas-jets brought out the names of the various battles inscribed. To see all this the spectator should be near, for at a distance the summit seemed an immense cupola of light suspended in mid-air.

In the other parts of Paris the display in private houses was confined to strings of Venetian lanterns; but on the line of the boulevards, from the Rue Royale to the Faubourg Montmartre, the numerous cafés, hotels, and important houses of business were better lit up, and formed a brilliant appearance. The Palace of the Legislative Body and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs formed conspicuous objects as seen from the Place de la Concorde, and in the opposite direction a single line of jets, with a cross in the centre, marked the summit of the Madeleine; the façade and dome of the new church of St. Augustin represented a huge tiara, for which the architectural form of the building is singularly appropriate. A continuous line of light above the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli rendered that street as light as in mid-day, and the square before the Palais-Royal was dazzling with the united glow of that building, the Théâtre-Français, and the Ministry of State. Further to the east little was to be seen except the tall tower of St. Jacques, with light streaming from each window, and the Hôtel de Ville, where the bright colours of the national flag shone vividly in a flood of gas. The government offices on the south side of the Seine never made a better display, and on certain points, as in the Rue de Grenelle, where the Ministry of the 7th arrondissement, the Ministry of Public Instruction, the Ecole de l'État-Major, and the Austrian and Russian Embassies, are all situated within a stone's throw of each other, the abundance of light illumined the whole neighbourhood. The archiepiscopal palace and the residence of the Papal Nuncio were surmounted, the one with the cross

and the other with the keys of St. Peter. The Ministry of War was shrouded in darkness, in consequence of the melancholy event which has just occurred there, although the usual preparations had been made. The Palace of the Legion of Honour, however, stood out more brilliantly from the contrast, a magnificent colour-d star shining in mid-air on the summit of that building. The old system of illumination with lamps or grease pots is now almost entirely discarded; the Council of State being the only place at which their inodorous smell is allowed to infect the air. Seen from the quays, the western front of the Tuileries stood out boldly against the dark sky, bathed in light reflected from the illuminations in the gardens. The Hôtel des Invalides was also especially deserving of mention, the outlines of the three pavilions being each marked by jets of light, while a triple line ran from end to end of the building, and in the centre an immense eagle spread its wings over the words "Vive l'Empereur!" in bold letters underneath.

The display of fireworks took place on the Trocadéro, and commenced at nine o'clock, with 100 bombs and 300 rockets, then 16 clusters, or rather volcanoes, vomiting forth serpents, 300 petards, and 300 grenades; the second portion consisted of 12 revolving cascades of many-coloured fire, placed on the landings of the steps leading to the top of the height, and six fountains of fire on the flat ground above, six discharges of fire-balls, 200 Bengal lights, a repetition of the volcanoes, and 300 petards; the third was composed of 1,200 Roman candles, 1,000 serpents, and two flights of rockets and fire-balls, bursting in the air and disappearing in showers of fire of every imaginable hue. Afterwards came the grand bouquet of 20,000 rockets, producing a most splendid effect, and two others by way of farewell, the one a shower of gold and the last a superb display of silver fire. During the intervals 300 enormous rockets, 250 bombs, and innumerable cannon shots were fired. As the air was still, and as no moisture had come to damp and weaken the various pieces, everything passed off most successfully, and the effect was magnificent.

The vast crowd which had assembled on the Champ de Mars to witness the display then spent an hour or two wandering among the booths or in visiting the shows, exhibitions, and horse riding. The various dancing-places soon got thronged and had visitors to a late hour.

Similar scenes might be witnessed at the Barrier du Trône, where amusements of all kinds had been provided for the people. At last the tired multitude turned their faces homewards, but as the night was cool and agreeable, numerous parties continued to stroll through the streets until a late hour, all in perfect good humour. Notwithstanding the great numbers who circulated through the city for so many hours, we have not heard of order having been for a moment disturbed or any accident occurring.

## COURT AND SOCIETY.

The Queen drove out at Osborne on Friday afternoon, last week, accompanied by the Princess Christian, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and Lady Emily Russell; and Her Majesty went out on Saturday morning with Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Christian walked in the grounds.

His Serene Highness Prince Gonthier of Schwarzbourg-Rudolstadt, attended by Baron Hirschfeld, visited the Queen on Friday.

The Prince of Leiningen left Osborne.

Mr. and Lady Emily Russell and Lady Caroline Barrington also left.

On the Saturday afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince Leopold. The other members of the Royal Family also went out. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and Prince and Princess Phillip of Wurttemberg (Archduchess Maria of Austria) visited Her Majesty during the afternoon.

Earl Cowley, Viscount Sydney, and the Right Hon. R. Lowe had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen and their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. George Prothero officiated.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, went out in the grounds on Monday morning. The other members of the Royal Family also went out.

The Dowager Lady Shelley and the Hon. Mrs. William Hamilton had the honour of an interview with Her Majesty.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out on Monday afternoon, attended by the Duchess of Roxburgh; and Her Majesty went out on Tuesday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise. The other members of the Royal Family walked in the grounds.

The Rev. George Prothero had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family on Monday.

PRINCE ARTHUR EN ROUTE FOR CANADA.—At half-past six o'clock on Friday afternoon last week, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur arrived at the Monk's Ferry-station at Birkenhead from London. Sir Edward Cust met him at the station, when the Prince and suite drove through the town of Birkenhead to Sir Edward's marine residence, which is situated on the shore of the Wirral peninsula, between the mouths of the Dee and the Mersey. Sir Edward Cust gave a dinner party in the evening, at which Mr. John Laid, M.P., Mr. William Inman (manager of the Inman line of steamers) and other gentlemen were present. According to previous arrangements, his Royal Highness Prince Arthur sailed from Birkenhead for New York on Saturday afternoon in the Inman steamer City of Paris.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is expected to return to Marlborough House from Wildbad on the 25th inst., and will the following day go to Abergeldie for grouse shooting. The Princess of Wales and children will prolong their residence at Wildbad probably till the third week in September.

## HER MAJESTY'S DEPARTURE FROM OSBORNE.

The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, and attended by the suite, left Osborne on Wednesday afternoon, for Windsor Castle. The day being exceedingly fine, true "Queen's weather," the voyage was a pleasant one. Our illustration shows the most interesting point of the departure.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

### FASHIONS.

(Abridged from the *Laay's Own Paper*.)

CONTINUING from last week our report on La Mode in Paris, we may remark that white toilettes are extremely prevalent, in muslin, mohair, piqué, striped foulards, &c. The first have the jupes trimmed at the bottom with a series of embroidered entredeux surmounted by a coquille of mauve silk tulle. The corsage, which has a small pelerine crossed low down on the breast, is prolonged to form a tunic, which, together with the pelerine, is trimmed with an undulating lace-flounce and a similar coquille. The sleeves have coquilles at the cuffs and lace frills. One robe, of white foulard with narrow pink stripes, has simply a single deep flounce cut en biais, with a double plaited ruche edged with pink taffetas running above it. The corsage is made with basques and large lappels thrown back on the chest to show a lace chemisette, and these, together with the ends of the ceinture, are ornamented with a similar trimming. An elegant costume in orange striped glacé taffetas has the lower part of the skirt trimmed with a deep "montant" formed of undulations of black lace. The tunic of the same material is looped up at the hips by black lace bows to form paniers, and the tight sleeves have puffs at the shoulders, whence a trimming of black lace falls level with the elbows. A "costume complet" in pale grey has the under skirt trimmed with two deep flounces, bordered with light blue taffetas, and a dessus blouse which buttons all the way down, trimmed with a piqué to correspond. A jacket of the same material, with loose sleeves and a simulated hood, is ornamented with blue bows and tassels. With this costume, a bonnet of rice straw, trimmed with black velvet, and a small plume of grey and blue feathers, is worn.

For toilettes de visite there are robes à traine in pale grey pout de soie, the jupe trimmed with a double fringe—one plain, the other richly ornamented—and formed behind into three scallops bordered with a deep bouillonne of gauze "à plis contraires" framed within a ruche chicoree. The high corsage is ornamented with a bouillonne and fringe, and the sleeves "à sabots" are trimmed with ruches of pout de soie and gauze. The inevitable bow of the sash is an elaborate combination of ruches and bouillonne, the ends terminating in deep ornamental fringe. Jupes courtes in taffetas glaze with almost imperceptible stripes are trimmed with numerous small alternate flounces, now of their own material, and then of the light brown-coloured material of which the tunic—open at the sides and bouffante behind—is made. These miniature flounces, known as "frisettes," have occasionally a broad piping forming a double-head, and diminish in depth as they rise to meet the tablier of the tunic, which, together with the corsage, its little rounded cape and tight sleeves, are trimmed to correspond—having frequently in addition a rich fringe formed of tulle, small balls, and ends of floss silk. When the under jupe is of some positive though pale shade of colour, the flounces of its own material with which it is trimmed are frequently alternated with bands of embroidered muslin.

As the Parisians have the "Patrie" chapeau, so have they the "Patrie" robe, rather too hot, however, for present wear, as it is in black faye trimmed with vandyked flounces, bound with amber-coloured satin. The tunic is arranged to be worn either long or short, according to fancy, as it can be readily caught up on either side to show its amber-coloured lining. In front is a tablier bordered with a row of amber-lined coques, and closed in behind with black and amber bows. The two pockets are ornamented with parti-coloured rosettes, and fringed with acorn-shaped drops. With the low corsage which has epaulettes of amber-lined coques, and is trimmed with a similar fringe, a bertha of puffed lace is worn. The half-open sleeves, bordered with a double ruche, show lace sleeves beneath.

The question of garnitures has become of importance this season. Formerly trimmings were added to enhance the beauty of the robe; now, says *Le Follet*, on the contrary, the robe is inferior, the additions of trimmings being the subject to be discussed. This state of things cannot last. Harmony of colour and suitability of ornament are of far greater importance than a crowding of rich and in themselves beautiful ornaments. Too great a profusion of bouillonne, ruchings, or plaitings should be avoided, and the lady of taste will be careful to select such, and such only, as shall unite grace with simplicity. It is the combination of the pretty and simple of the more elaborate and rich garnitures that secures the right to the title of real elegance.

Light waterproof cloths in shot colours, such as violet and black, or brown and gold, are much in demand. Costumes in this material should be quite plain, with a simple hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is short, and raised behind. Paleot sac, with revers of taffetas, and plaited sash of taffetas or the material of the dress. A small crinoline, of the same material as the dress, will be found very serviceable to put on in wet weather, as it serves to sustain the skirt and preserves the ankles from the damp. This costume is completed by a small brown or black straw hat, trimmed with a velvet of the same colour, and long gauze veil. Waterproof boots, sewn with the colour of the dress.

Travelling-dresses are still made of Scotch plaid, serge, Chinese cloth, or drap Belge. The skirts are often made of a deeper shade than the rest of the costume, and trimmed with fringe.

For the sands, manteaux in white and red plaids, in the form of the "Macfarlane," with double capes, and paletots with large sleeves formed by the cape, and small manteaux with hoods, are worn at evening. Cachemire lined with silk and China crapes (black or white) are elegantly embroidered and trimmed with gold fringe; others are embroidered in all colours, but gold predominates. Broad guipures and lace are also employed. Young ladies' manteaux are neatly braided, or simply trimmed with fringe; poils de chèvre or popline, stripes of violet and white. The skirts are trimmed with flounces cut on the bias.

The casques form small skirts behind, and are raised en panier, and opened in front on tunic, trimmed with a flower fringed like the skirt. The front of the body is ornamented with three bows. Ribbon sash, tied behind with large bows and short.

Black straw hat, round in front and raised behind with black velvet lining. Curled feather round the edge, two bows of ribbon in front, and bunch of white daisies and buds a little on one side. This hat may be worn without barbes of black lace.



## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

## FRANCE.

PARIS, August 13.

The Emperor has signed several decrees granting an amnesty to certain persons convicted of press offences and political misdemeanours.

PARIS, August 15.

The following Imperial decree, dated yesterday, and countersigned by all the Ministers, is published to-day:—

"Wishing to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Napoleon I. by an act which responds to our feelings, we decree a full and complete amnesty for all political crimes and misdemeanours, offences against the press laws, the laws on public meetings and coalitions of working men, as well as other political offences."

Another Imperial decree grants an amnesty to all soldiers and sailors undergoing sentence for desertion.

PARIS, August 16.

The celebration of the Emperor's *fete* passed off most favourably throughout France, and no accident occurred on the occasion. Telegrams received from the departments state that the amnesty decree has been posted up in all the communes, and has everywhere been received with much satisfaction. At St. Etienne 56 persons, most of whom were undergoing sentences for participation in the late mining disturbances, were set at liberty, and left the prison shouting "Vive l'Empereur!" This proceeding has caused equal gratification both to the workmen and their employers.

At Paris, yesterday, 153 persons, imprisoned for political offences and infractions of the press laws, were also released.

## RUSSIA.

ODESSA, August 13.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, with their children, arrived here this morning, and proceeded immediately to Livadia, in the Crimea.

## SPAIN.

MADRID, August 13.

A wide-spread Carlist conspiracy has been discovered at Valladolid, and numerous arrests have been made.

## AMERICA.

Further accounts have been received of the loss of the steamer *Germania* off Cape Race. She went ashore in a fog, and the mails and cargo are totally lost.

Judge Cardoso (New York) has sentenced several brokers convicted of usury to one month's imprisonment.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

The Town Council at Trieste has voted 1,000*l.* towards the erection of a monument to Rossini.

The career of Risk Allah Bey forms the groundwork of a melodrama now being written by Mr. Robertson.

Mme. PAREPA-ROSA's season of English Opera at the French Theatre, New York, will open on the 11th of next September.

The *Gaiety* has started a weekly journal, *The Gaiety Newsletter and Magazine*. The boxkeepers are very industrious in offering it for sale.

AMERICA will shortly be visited by all the best artists of the Eastern hemisphere. Wachtel is secured; Patti and Nilsson are being bargained for.

MADAME RISTORI has arrived in Brazil, and has been received with almost royal honours. Her first appearance was made in the *Medea* of M. Legouvé.

Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR is living near Fontainebleau, where she keeps her studio. Her brother, Auguste Bonheur, who lives in Paris, is a successful painter of animals.

It is now said that neither Dr. Doran nor Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson will become editor of the *Athenaeum*, but that Sir C. Dilke will edit his own Journal, which is to be enlarged and materially altered.

M. RAPHAEL FAIX and Madame Schneider have each written a graceful letter to the President of the Dramatic College, the former inclosing his *obole* (five hundred francs), and the latter her *modeste offrande* (three hundred francs).

AN organization for the encouragement and protection of authors has been formed in New York. It aims to secure a hearing and fit recompense for deserving writers who have not yet achieved popularity and the admiring regard of publishers.

DR. GEDGE, of Caius College, Cambridge, late assistant to Professor Humphry, is about to follow Sir Samuel Baker into Africa as head of the medical staff, as well as to investigate the natural history of the district and collect specimens for the Viceroy of Egypt.

GUSTAVE DORE and Blanchard Jerrold have been making a systematic exploration of London, from Wapping to Kensington, among high and low, with a view to a work on the great capital. Monsieur Dore has made a most interesting collection of studies.

SALVATOR CHERUBINI, son of the great composer, himself Inspector of the Fine Arts, has just died at Neuilly, in his sixty-eighth year. It will be remembered that when "*Medea*" was revived at Her Majesty's Theatre, the son came on purpose to witness his father's masterpiece upon our stage. An important collection of the composer's manuscripts is now left.

The arrangements of the approaching Festivals are now definitively settled. At Norwich, the festival is open on the evening of Monday, August 30. There is less novelty than usual in the programme and much less interest. A selection from an unpublished oratorio by Mr. Pierson, "*Hezekiah*," and a sacred cantata by Mr. Horace Hill, a local composer, are the only novelties.

At Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa, there is printed a paper called the *West African Herald*, the entire staff—proprietor, editor, and compositors—being real natives. Amongst the names of the agents who receive subscriptions, and supply papers, is the following: At Winnebuh, Henry Ahpoh, King of Winnebuh. His sable majesty is also agent for the same paper for the Gombeah district.

Mr. JOSEPH LIVING, late of Drury-lane Theatre, has returned to London after a successful visit to America. While there he had a narrow escape from destruction, as he was a passenger by the fatal train that caught fire on its journey to Canada, in which so many were burnt. At a station not far from the accident Sir, Irving alighted for refreshment, and the

carriages started without him, a fortunate circumstance that no doubt saved his life.

The Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union recently offered prizes of £100 and £50 for the first and second best stories illustrating the advantages of temperance to the young. Eighty-four were sent in, and the adjudicators have awarded the first to the story entitled "*Frank Oldfield*," written by the Rev. T. P. Wilson, of Shrewsbury, and the second prize to Miss M. A. Paull, of Plymouth, for the tale entitled "*Tino Maloney*."

News from Rio Janeiro states that Mme. Ristori had given, down to July 2, three representations, *Medea*, *Maria Stuarda*, and *Pia*, with the most brilliant success, the Emperor and all the Court being present each time. The artists of the other theatres came to read verses written in honour of the great actress, "whose appearance," they declared, "had resuscitated the dramatic art in Brazil;" and during this manifestation the Emperor and the public remained standing and uncovered.

On Saturday morning last week, Mr. William Hunter Kendal and Miss Margaret Robertson, of the Haymarket company, were married at St. Saviour's Church, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Birch M.A. At present Mr. Buckstone and his company are fulfilling a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and on the Saturday night the play was Shakespeare's "*As You Like It*," in which, for the first time, Miss Robertson played Rosalind, Mr. Kendal being the Orlando. The young bride performed her part admirably, and in the midst of the love-making scene so real and natural was her acting that she "brought down the house," as the phrase is, and was called forward to receive the plaudits of the audience.

The *Musical World* says that at a concert lately given by the Auckland Choral Society to the officers of the fleet, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh took part as "first fiddle." In the opening of the piece he played with Colonel Balneavis and the other violinists. The Duke subsequently played in Mozart's "*Jupiter*" and other orchestral pieces. In all he is said to have acquitted himself most admirably.

—In the season of oratorio concerts which Mr. Barry intends to commence in the ensuing winter, the following works are promised:—Bach's "*Matthew-Passion*;" Spohr's "*Last Judgment*;" Mendelssohn's "*Elijah*" and "*Lobgesang*;" Beethoven's "*Mass in D*" and "*Choral Symphony*;" Handel's "*Messiah*;" Dottingen's "*Te Deum*," "*Jephtha*," "*Acis and Galatea*," and one of his lesser oratorios; and a new cantata by the conductor, Mr. Joseph Barnby.

DISCOVERY OF A PAINTING AT POMPEII.—The *Fungola* of Naples says:—An important discovery has been made at Pompeii—namely that of a painting, found in a chamber adjoining the one which was opened at the time of the Princess Margherita's excursion. The picture represents the Circus such as it existed not long before the eruption, and is the first of this kind which has been brought to light, as the Romans ordinarily selected mythological, rural, or purely ideal subjects. The representation shows that the amphitheatre was planted with trees. The execution is not above mediocrity. Near the circus is to be seen a large edifice of which, hitherto, not the slightest indication existed. Commander Fiorelli is said to have the intention of immediately searching for this building, so as to complete the knowledge already possessed of the buried city. The painting has been detached from the wall on which it was executed, and will be removed to the Museum in order to be protected from the action of the atmosphere.

The *Athenaeum* says that the private diary of Lord Palmerston has been discovered. All his great contemporaries figure in it, and they are said to be drawn by a bold and masterly hand. This discovery will, no doubt, be turned to profitable use by Sir Henry Bulwer, who is known to have been for some time occupied (with family sanction and assistance) on a biography of the late statesman.—A life of Miss Austen, the novelist, will be one of the biographies of the season. Its author will be the novelist nephew, the Rev. J. Austen-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, near Maidenhead.—The "*Memoirs of Miss Mitford*," another of the forthcoming autumn biographies, will bear on the title-page the name of the Rev. Guy L'Estrange. It is understood, however, that he has an excellent colleague in the work in the person of the Rev. Mr. Harness.—The next life in Dean Hook's series of "*Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*" will be that of Cardinal Pole.—Sir Moses Montefiore has promised to give a large stained-glass window for the decoration of Guildhall, London.—The noble offer made to the Turkish Government by Miss Burdett Coutts, to repair of works for the supply of water to Jerusalem at her own cost, has been declined. The Turkish Government, however, have promised to undertake this work.—Mme. Ristori's appearance at Rio de Janeiro as *Medea* has been followed by her performance of *Maria Stuarda* and *La Pia*. The Emperor has been present at each representation. A poem in honour of the actress was on one occasion recited, the Emperor and the audience standing uncovered during its delivery.

An action was brought last week at the Croydon Assizes by Mr. Calcott, the well-known scene-painter, against Mr. Barry Sullivan, the lessee of the Holborn Theatre, to recover damages for a wrongful dismissal and for breach of contract. Mr. Sullivan entered into an agreement in April last with the plaintiff, under which the services of himself and his brother, Mr. Albert Calcott, were to be retained as scene painters for the Holborn Theatre at a salary of £12 per week for one year, Mr. Calcott to find assistants and materials out of that allowance at his own expense. Some disagreement subsequently took place between the parties, and on the 23rd of June Mr. Sullivan wrote a letter to the plaintiff telling him that he no longer required his services, and when Mr. Calcott went to the theatre he was refused admission. For the defence it was alleged that the plaintiff had systematically neglected his duty almost from the commencement of the engagement, that although he received special instructions from Mr. Sullivan to prepare certain new scenes for the play of "*Money*," he altogether neglected to do so, and that he was hardly ever at the theatre, and Mr. Sullivan could never find him when he wanted him. It was proved that one of the scenes introduced by the plaintiff was a scene that had been before the public for ninety nights under the old management in the drama of "*Blow for Blow*," and all he did to it was to put some fresh paint on a part of it where the paint had been worn off. In cross-examination, however, Mr. Sullivan admitted that after the plaintiff dismissed his scenery was used during the whole run of the comedy, and that he did not have it altered in any way. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £100.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

The engagement between the Harvard and Oxford gentlemen will, without doubt, it is said, be the fastest four-oared race on record, and will in all probability be accomplished within a couple of minutes of the time ordinarily occupied in the Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared race at its fastest. It would be difficult to get together a finer crew than Oxford, and should they prove victorious, it will be no discredit to our American cousins to be beaten by such a crew, while, should the result be otherwise, the Harvard men will be covered with honour.

The desire to see the practice, coupled with the usual Saturday half-holiday aquatic recreations, drew a very large assemblage of visitors at Putney last Saturday, and the Oxonians were very warmly applauded both in taking to and leaving their boat.

In the morning both crews paddled about in ordinary pair-oared boats, but in the afternoon they went to work in right good earnest. Harvard went out at a quarter past five, accompanied by their steam-yacht, with two or three of their friends on board. They started from about the Bishop's Creek, a distance, above Putney aqueduct, considered to occupy 1 min. 40 sec. to accomplish. They got away very rapidly at about 40 strokes per minute, and rowed over the course at a little more than half flood, occupying 21 min. and something under 10 sec. Although they rowed fast and improve, they do not seem to have work enough to do, and it appears as though, unused to tidal water, their boat runs away with them. When they have more labour, as in rowing against the tide, their strength tells to more advantage, and from their occasionally hardly clearing their oars, it suggests itself to the mind of a thorough rowing man as though they want their work raised a little. After they row up they left their boat.

The Oxonians went out at about six, coached by Mr. G. Morrison from Mr. Willan's steam-yacht. They went right down to Putney-bridge, and, turning, started from the aqueduct to row over the course. They went away well at 30 strokes per minute, and, settling down to 39 and 38, rowed in beautiful form, like a piece of human machinery. Their time to Hammersmith-bridge was not so good as the whole performance, which shows the great improvement in speed consequent upon their admirable style of rowing as they progressed. Their time was 22 min. 10 sec. They rowed their boat back in good style. They are much the favourites, but there is very little betting.

## INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

The great international race for the cup, value 3,000*l.*, given by the Emperor of the French, commenced on Monday afternoon. The race was open to yachts of all nations. The course was from Cherbourg, across the Channel, to the North Light off Portsmouth. As this was the first occasion on which the American schooner *Dauntless*, of the New York Yacht Club, Mr. J. G. Bennett, vice-commander, owner, essayed her powers in a match as a racing vessel, her trial was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, and the more especially so as she had declined any challenge to sail in English waters. Amongst the competitors for the Emperor's favour was the crack vessel amongst French yachts, the *Mystère*, which sailed in the race for the Emperor's Cup last year, which was won by the English schooner *Albertine*, the course being from Cherbourg to Ryde Pier and back to Cherbourg. Amongst the contending vessels were also some of the best English yachts that have gained prizes at the Royal Yacht Squadron and Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regattas: the *Egeria*, that won the Queen's Cup at Cowes for the second time, and the Town Cup at Ryde, also for the second time; and the *Guinevere*, Commodore C. Thellusson of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, a winner of a large number of prizes. The wind was light, but the vessels made good way across the channel, and they rounded the Nab Light ship last night as follows:—

	H.	M.	S.
Guinevere.....	10	17	50
Egeria.....	11	12	0
Dauntless.....	11	22	0
Shark.....	11	47	30
Diane.....	11	57	0
Mystère.....	12	40	0

The *Guinevere* at this point had a good lead, and she went off on her return to Cherbourg at a rattling pace, the other vessels being a long way to leeward.

The race concluded as under:—

	H.	M.	S.
Guinevere.....	6	45	0
Egeria.....	9	24	0
Dauntless.....	9	39	0

The others were not timed. Thus the *Guinevere* wins, beating the *Egeria* by nearly three hours.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.—In the War Office we find a Parliamentary under-secretary, a permanent under-secretary, and an assistant under-secretary, with salaries of £1,000, £1,500, and £2,000, while "S.G.O." as private secretary, only gets £300 a year. Another literary gentleman, Mr. William Rathbone Greg, is more fortunate as he serves his country in the Stationery Office, at £1,430 a year. In fact, the Government pays £18,000 for having its stationery looked after. It pays £1,347 a year for having its printers' accounts checked. It pays "John Young, Esq.," £450 a year for examining binding; but that arduous duty being too much for Mr. Young, there is an assistant examiner of binding, who is staved off with £220. It pays £1,195 a year for having its paper examined; and while there are more than a dozen clerks to assist Mr. Rathbone Greg in his task of keeping the stationery right, he has a secretary who disposes of an additional £318 a year. It is with surprise we find that there is no tester of sealing wax at a salary of £1,500 a year. The multiplication of ornamental posts, with heavy salaries attached, in the Civil Service, is at once a wrong and an absurdity. In commercial circles, where great exactitude and clerical experience are required, men do not get £1,000 a year for reading two or three letters and passing them on to some other person who gets £2,000 for reporting that they have arrived. Why should these prodigious subdivisions of duties take place at all, except for the purpose of creating sinecures?—*Leader*.



## PRESENTATION OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH.

On Monday the ceremony of the presentation of the Dunmow flitch was revived, after an interval of twelve years; the last *fête* of the kind having taken place in 1857. The ceremonial of 1857 took place in Dunmow town; but in consequence of the opening of the Bishop's Stortford, Dunmow, and Braintree section of the Great Eastern Railway, a spacious marquee was this year erected for the purposes of the court of inquiry; the meadow in which the booth was pitched being also the scene of various other amusements. The weather was beautifully fine, and a striking contrast to the wet and gloomy time which had prevailed for some days previously. This circumstance contributed very materially to the enjoyment of the assembled crowds. The flitch is given, it will be remembered, to the married couple or couples who can swear that, after having been married a year and a day, they have never had a cross word with each other. The presentation is based on an old local custom; but this year, as in 1857, the master spirit in the affair was Mr. E. T. Smith. Annexed is a copy of the oath taken by the claimants:—

"You shall swear by custom of confession  
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression,  
Nor since you were married, man and wife,  
By household brawls or contentions strife,  
Or otherwise in bed or at board,  
Offended each other in deed or in word;  
Or since the parish clerk said 'Amen,'  
Wished yourselves unmarried again;  
Or in a twelvemonth and a day  
Repented, not in thought any way;

Mr. Terry acting as clerk; while Mr. H. G. Brookes appeared as advocate for the town; and Mr. E. Garden (of the Lyceum Theatre) for the claimants.

The proceedings of the day commenced with a mock cricket match between clowns, but the real business of the hour was the presentation of the flitch, or rather of the flitches, since two were given. Some little delay was experienced in constituting the court of inquiry, but shortly after one p.m., proclamation was made in the ancient form, "Where are the persons who are claimants? If they are here let them come forward at once. If not, let them be silent for ever. Who is here to-day to claim this flitch of bacon?" At last the curtain rose upon the court in full session—the president or judge in his robes, the clerk in a very time-worn wig, the counsel on either side in full forensic costume, and a mixed jury—half gentlemen and half ladies.

The President, in opening the proceedings, read a letter from Mr. H. B. Sheridan, M.P., who had been announced to take the judicial chair, the hon. gentleman apologising for his non-attendance, on the ground that he had a daughter very ill. The president next referred to the presentation of 1857, when two flitches were given—one by himself and the other by Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth. The president then became historical, and retrospective as to the presentation of flitches generally, and of the Dunmow flitch in particular. Becoming, then, profound upon the term "bacon," the president remarked that it meant the dried flesh of the animal, which was originally put away and termed "baking," for the purpose of saving it from soldiers on the march, who otherwise cleared off all in their way. Hence arose, probably, the ex-

## FATAL ACCIDENT TO A GROUSE-SHOOTING PARTY IN WALES.

On Thursday last week an accident occurred which will doubtless—as being connected with grouse-shooting, which was inaugurated on August 12th—cast somewhat of a gloom upon grouse shooters for some time to come at least. The Rev. Henry Reynolds, Peppard Rectory, Henley-on-Thames, accompanied by his son, Mr. Price Morris, and several other gentlemen, went up to the mountains near Nantglyn, Denbigh, North Wales, to enjoy a day's grouse shooting. As they were returning home—Mr. Price Morris, the Rev. H. Reynolds, and two others being in a dog-cart—the horse, which was a very high-spirited one, started off at a frightful pace down the hill. It had not gone far when it dashed against the embankment, throwing the occupants of the cart out on to the road. The horse was immediately killed and the cart shattered to pieces. The unfortunate pleasure-seekers were taken up senseless and conveyed to the village in a cart. Three doctors were almost immediately in attendance, but Mr. Price Morris was beyond medical skill, and he succumbed to his injuries some few hours after the accident occurred. Mr. Reynolds is in a very precarious state, and but faint hopes are entertained that he will recover. Mr. Reynolds, jun., has received but few injuries, and is now convalescent. The fourth occupant, a little boy from the neighbourhood, has sustained no injury at all, strange to say. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Price Morris, who was a solicitor in Denbigh. He has left a young widow, to whom he has been but a short



THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE BAND AT THE PARIS FÊTES.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

But continued true, in thought and desire,  
As when you joined hands in holy quire.  
If to these conditions, without all fear,  
Of your own accord you will freely swear,  
A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,  
And bear it hence with love and good leave.  
For this is our custom at Dunmow, well known,  
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

The official enumeration of the claimants this year was as follows:—Mr. J. Watkinson, 27, Dorset Gardens, Brighton; Mr. J. J. Clegg, Cadiz Light Wine Association, King's Head-yard, Tooley-street, Borough; Mr. E. Wood, 41, Onslow-square, Brompton; Mr. W. Casson, 3, Cornwall-road, Victoria Park; Mr. Mansfield, 7, Lower-terrace, Mildmay Park, Stoke Newington; Mr. G. J. Horn, 13, Warwick-buildings, Worthing; Mr. W. Wressell, 141, Leighton-road, Kentish Town; Mr. J. Francis, New Theatre, Greenwich; Mr. H. Barton, 28, Clarence-street, Waterloo Town; Mr. Weston, 27, Brixton-place, Brixton-road; Mr. F. Mitchell, 1, Cottage-place, Maidstone-hill, Blackheath-road; Mr. H. Harmsworth, 24, King David-lane, Shadwell; Mr. G. R. Mann, 35, George-street, Richmond; Mr. Leader, Rydon-crescent, Clerkenwell; Mr. J. R. Peters, Post-office, Ventnor, Isle of Wight; Mr. W. Hinds, 3, Broomsgrove-terrace, Sheffield; Mr. G. H. Doughty, Wellington, Salop; and Mr. Ebenezer Whimper, Leigh Hall, Essex, and 83, Kennington-road, Lambeth. Only two of the claimants—Mr. Casson and his wife and Mr. Leader and his wife—actually appeared, however, in the court of inquiry over which Mr. E. T. Smith presided as judge;

pression of "saving one's bacon." (Laughter.) After a few further remarks from the president the claimants were requested to step forward to be examined.

Mr. Casson, in answer to questions, said he was married June 25, 1865. He never had had a cross word with his wife. He did not go home on the 8th of June, 1867, and complain that his wife had burnt to a cinder a mutton chop which he had asked her to cook for him. (Laughter.)

Mr. Leader was next examined, and then the president put it to the jury whether Mr. and Mrs. Casson and Mr. and Mrs. Leader should receive a flitch each, and the jurors unanimously answered in the affirmative. The president next expressed the admiration of the town at the conduct of the two couples, and his hope that their example would be followed by others. The flitches, he added, would be forwarded to any address which they might be pleased to name.

Mr. Leader moved, and Mr. Casson seconded a vote of thanks to the jury, and thanks having been also voted to Mr. Smith for presiding, the Court broke up amid general hilarity.

The laureates were then carried in a somewhat elaborate procession through the town, to the accompaniment of a band, and with the attendance of a great crowd. There was afterwards a *fête champêtre*, in which the amusements were a mock tournament, a bicycle race, a punch and judy show, a clown's tournament, another punch and judy show, a maypole dance, &c. As the shades of evening drew on, a display of fireworks also took place. The flitches were presented by Messrs. Fitch and Son, of 69, Bishopsgate-street-within, and were from Essex bred pigs.

time united, to mourn his loss. An inquest was held on the Friday afternoon at Nantglyn by Mr. George Peirce, when a verdict of accidental death was returned.]

ON THE BEACH.  
A SEA DIRGE.

There are certain things—as a spider, a ghost,  
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three—  
That I hate; but the thing that I hate the most  
Is a thing they call the sea.

If you like coffee with sand for dregs,  
A decided hint of salt in your tea,  
And a fishy taste in the very eggs,  
By all means choose the sea.  
And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,  
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,  
And a chronic state of wet in your feet,  
Then I recommend the sea.

Once I met a friend in the street,  
With wife, and nurse, and children three—  
Never again such a sight may I meet  
As that party from the sea!

Their looks were sullen, their steps were slow,  
Convicted felons they seemed to be;  
"Are you going to prison, dear friend?" "Oh no!  
We're returning—from the sea!"

J. CARROL



## EXCITING SCENE ON THE SANDS AT BOULOGNE.

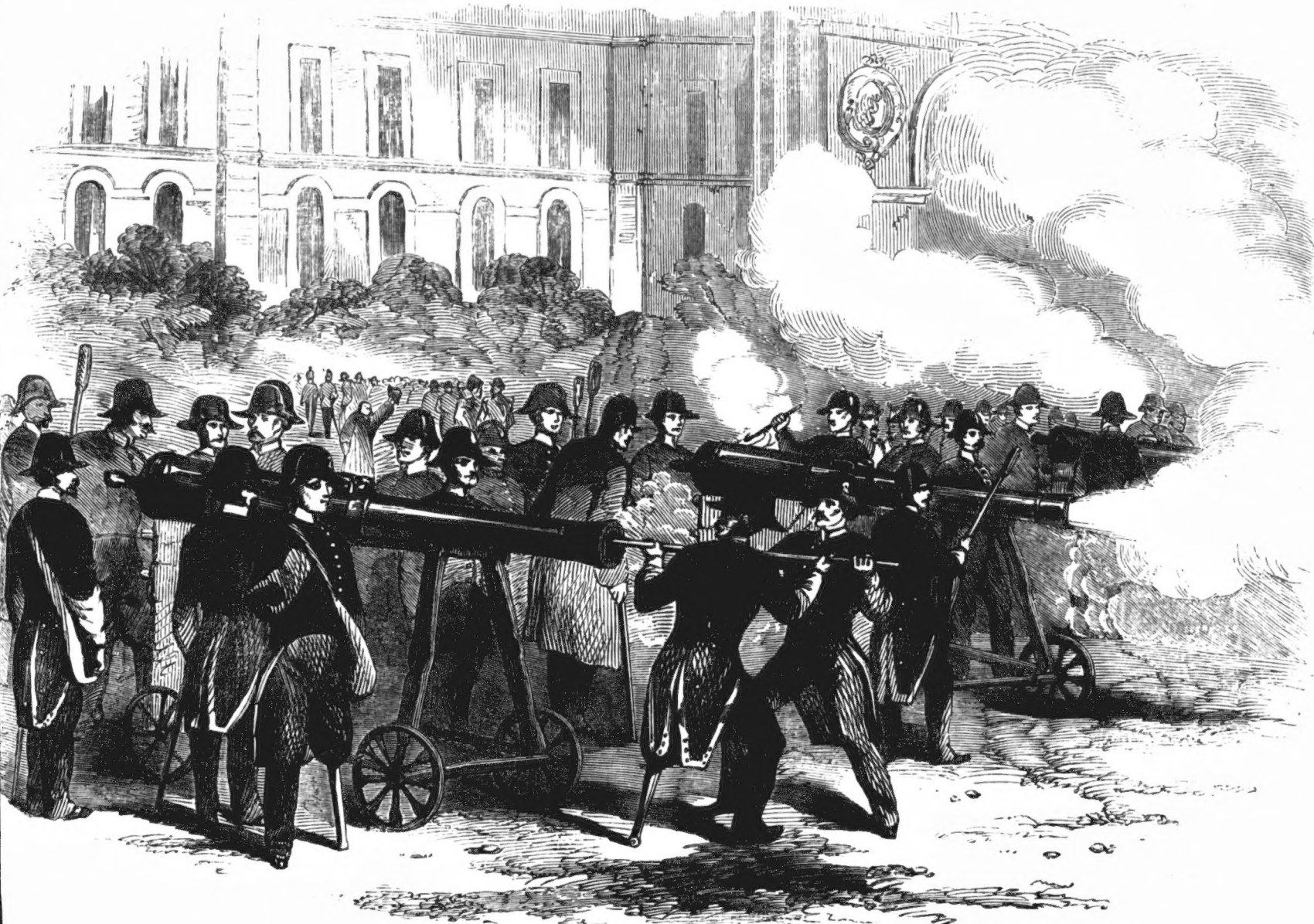
On Tuesday morning, last week, a very exciting, and what nearly proved to be a tragic, scene occurred on the sands at Boulogne. The night before a strong gale of wind had been blowing, and the flood tide flowed in at a much more rapid rate than usual. A number of both English and French visitors were bathing at the time, and there were four machines more in advance than the rest. The tide rose with such extraordinary rapidity as to cover the sands, and almost float these four machines. As soon as their dangerous predicament was discovered horses were immediately galloped in to draw them out, but, as it proved, too late. One animal was all but submerged, and after struggling some time with one of the machines, which he failed to move, he broke away. A number of volunteers went to the rescue of the imperilled occupants of the four machines, who, as may be imagined, were in a dreadful state of anxiety. Among these gallant men one or two Englishmen appeared commendably conspicuous, one, fully attired rushing fearlessly into the sea, and did great service in rescuing several persons from a watery grave. Eight or ten persons, both English and French (mostly women), were thus rescued, though in a very exhausted condition, and several lost clothing, jewellery, &c. Ropes were brought into requisition, and a line of volunteers was formed on the sands until all were rescued, including a little dog, which was brought ashore upon the shoulders of a young French lady. The machines were upset by the waves almost before they were deserted, and one or two completely wrecked. A very distressing scene afterwards occurred. An English

but. A few minutes later, however, a woman rushed out through the burning branches, and fell almost inanimate before the troops, who recognised her as the concubine of De Martino. She made signs that there was another person in the flames, but the soldiers could not approach until the fire had burnt itself out, when the charred remains of the bandit were found, with the barrel of his gun and the blade of his poignard by the side of him, the rest of those arms having been consumed. During the conflagration repeated detonations were heard as the cartridges of the brigand exploded. The woman died half an hour later, and the two bodies were buried on the spot where this horrible tragedy had taken place. The wounded soldier is in a critical state, and little hopes are entertained of saving his life.

## MURDEROUS ATTACK UPON AN ENGLISHMAN IN SPAIN.

THE *Times* has published an account by Mr. Henry Jencken of the extraordinary treatment he has received from a fanatical mob at Lorca, in Spain. Mr. Jencken was walking one evening in the public promenade, when he was met by a woman leading a child by the hand. He bade the woman "Good evening," according to the common usage of the country, when she suddenly turned round and raised a cry of alarm. Mr. Jencken, who had moved on, soon found himself pursued by three men, who attacked him with long knives, and one of them hurled a stone at his head, which brought him on his knees. Upon his struggling to rise he was beset by a mob, by whom he was most savagely mauled and be-

tion perfectly astounding in its practised deceit. By feigning ill—his disease being rheumatic pains that confined him to his own cell as an invalid unable to move—for the last 12 months he has not been compelled to work, his sufferings, as depicted by his cries through the night and torture through the day, whenever his limbs were examined or touched, being excruciatingly severe. Treated, therefore, as a cripple unable to move, he was naturally left to himself, and during these many hours of loneliness he contrived to loosen certain iron fastenings, filling up the bolt-heads with crumbs of bread worked up to supply the place of the screws displaced. After the hour of locking up arrived and as darkness set in he broke out of his cell and made his way to the back of the dispenser's quarters, which he quickly broke open, helping himself to two suits of clothes belonging to Mr. Berwick, clothed himself in them (one over another), and then, tying his face with a handkerchief, coolly walked towards the entrance-gate and gave his name to the warder in charge as that of Mr. Minot, who was once an officer there, and who, it is said, the prisoner closely resembled. Telling a tale of how he had come to see Dr. Campbell for his toothache, but that he had fallen asleep in the dispensary, he was on the point of being let out, when the warder at once recognised him and he was secured. The sham Mr. Minot was quickly sent back, but this time to a close or dark cell for the night, previous to an examination in the morning. He made afterwards a desperate attempt to commit suicide by cutting his throat and inflicted a fearful gash on himself, nearly severing the carotid artery. This notorious convict tried a similar escape about eight years ago, and then succeeded. He was confined in the model cell,



THE PARIS FETES.—FIRING A SALUTE FROM THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

lady whose husband and son had gone to bathe that morning, hearing of the affair, rushed to the sands and sought them everywhere without finding them. She inwardly gave them up for lost, though outwardly she preserved a calm demeanour, but when, after an hour's search, she suddenly met her husband and boy quietly walking on the sands, her pent up feelings gave way. She threw herself into her husband's arms sobbing, and the scene that ensued was truly affecting.

## THE END OF A BRIGAND.

THE *Italia* of Naples gives further details of the death of the brigand chief De Martino. This man was one of the most ferocious bandits that ever infested the Abruzzi, and was always accompanied in his incursions by a woman, even more inhuman than himself. For some time past the royal troops had been following his traces, and had at last learnt that he frequently quitted the band with his mistress to indulge in wild orgies in a small valley completely locked in by mountains, on the territory of Paglietta. Some days back a detachment, while searching that district, discovered, in a thicket, a sort of hut made of branches. One of the men approached silently on his hands and knees, and, believing that he heard a noise inside, returned and informed his companions, who then surrounded the spot, and called on the persons concealed to surrender. The reply was a gun shot, which struck a carabineer named Caruso in the leg, but the flash had set fire to the dry bushes, and the flames spread with such rapidity that it was impossible to enter or leave the

laboured, and from whose hands he was only rescued when beaten within an ace of his life by the intervention of some "Volunteers of Freedom," who, after tying his hands behind him so tightly as to cause the blood to gush from the wounds in his arms and hands, conveyed him through the midst of an infuriated multitude before the alcalde. That magistrate, and other gentlemen to whom Mr. Jencken was known, succeeded in bringing the mob to their senses, arrested the chief offenders, and sent for a carriage, in which the half-murdered gentleman was driven to a friend's house and consigned to the surgeon's care. Mr. Jencken states that there was, on the part of some persons whose ill-will he had, in the exercise of his professional duties, been compelled to provoke, "a deliberate design on his life," and that the population of Lorca acted less on their own impulse than on deliberate suggestion. Mr. Jencken had been denounced to them as a child-stealer—a *Tio del Sain*, or Grease Monger, whom they suspected of "catching and butchering young children for the purpose of using the fat of their entrails to grease the telegraph wires."

## EXTRAORDINARY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

THE *Jamaica Guardian* records a remarkable and daring attempt to escape from a penitentiary. A notorious convict, George W. Torah, most cleverly managed to break out of his cell, effecting his purpose by having practised upon the authorities of the prison—medical as well as civil—a decep-

where he broke out, got into the dispenser's quarters, helped himself with a suit of clothes, and at about half-past four o'clock in the morning ran up to the gate very briskly with a letter in his hands and reported that Mr. Sinclair, the dispenser, was dying from fits, which he had all during the night, and that he was sent off for Dr. Campbell. Some short conversation passed between himself and the gate porter, to whom Torah was not so well known as on this occasion. He was therefore permitted to go, and escaped accordingly.

**LUXURANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.**—MRS. S. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to quickly restore Grey or Faded Hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large Bottles—Price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

**SCIENCE AND ART.**—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weigh not more than one ounce, and exceed in value £1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watchmaking, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 58 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clocks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds the appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on Artistic Gold Jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of Bracelets, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c., &c., suitable for Wedding, Birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.



## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.  
This evening will be represented a Drama of Modern Life, called **FORMOSA**; or, *The Railroad to Ruin*, in four acts, written by Dion Boucicault. The following performers have been selected to represent the numerous characters with which this piece abounds: Messrs. Barrett, H. Irving, David Fisher, F. Charles, Brittain Wright, John Kense, J. Morris, J. Reynolds, J. B. Johnston, Webber, Cullen, Mitchelson, and J. B. Howard; Mrs. Billington; Messrs. M. Brennan, Macdonald, Hudspeth, Batrix Shirley, E. Stuart, Dalton, Mervyn, Hall, and Katharine Rogers. The performance to commence with the farce of **BELLES OF THE KITCHEN**, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. To conclude with the farce of **BORROWED PLUMES**.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Vining.  
Every Evening, at 7, **PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE**. After which, at 8.45, **ACIS AND GALATEA**: Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Montem Smith, Herr Formes, and Miss Blanche Cole. Concluding with, at 10.30, **A QUIET FAMILY**.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss Roden.  
Every Evening, **JOHN OF PARIS**, with additional music by W. F. Taylor. Principal characters by Misses Roden, Lennox Grey, and Fanny Reeves; Messrs. Elliot Galer, J. G. Taylor, and Dussak Corri. At 7.30 **A PRIVATE INQUIRY**. Concluding with **THE FAST COACH**.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.  
Every Evening, at 7, **MY PRECIOUS BETSY**: Mr. Atkins and Miss Eliza Johnston. At 8, **THE SERPENT ON THE HEARTH**: Messrs. R. Phillips, E. Atkins, Stuart, C. H. Stephenson, W. H. Eburne, Dalton, and C. J. Smith; Mrs. M. Eburne, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Johnston, and Mrs. Stoker. To conclude with **DOMESTIC ECONOMY**.

## GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.  
Every Evening, at 7, **OPERA, L. SCHEN AND FRITSCHEN**: Miss Lacey, Mr. Terrott. At 7.45, new Drama, in three acts, by W. S. Gilbert, called **AN OLD SCORE**: Messrs. Henry Neville, S. Ebery, John Clayton, J. Eldred, Maclean, and Robins; Messrs. Henrade, R. Rowe, and M. Leitch. At 9.45, **COLUMBUS**, Musical Extravaganza: Miss Farren; company of 150.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Swanborough.  
Every Evening at 7.30, **AMONG THE BREAKERS**: Messrs. J. S. Clarke, Turner, Joyce; Messrs. Bufton, Goodall. After which, **THE TODDLES**: Mr. J. S. Clarke, Mrs. Raymond. To conclude with **JOAN OF ARC**: Messrs. Thorne, James, Fenton; Messrs. Sheridan, Bufton, Maitland, Goodall, Claire, &c.

## ROYALTY THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver.  
Every Evening, at 7.30, **QUITE AT HOME**: After which, at 8, **CHECKMATE**: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Messrs. Saunders and M. Oliver. Followed by, at 9.15, **BILLY TAYLOR**: Messrs. Dewar and Danvers; Messrs. Saunders, Bromley, Bishop, and M. Oliver. To conclude with a New Farce, **SEAGULLS**: Messrs. P. Day, Russell, Stwert; Messrs. Fair, Dubois.

## PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.

Under the Management of Miss Marie Wilton.  
Every Evening, at 8, **SCHOOL**: Messrs. Hare, Montague, Addison, &c.; Messrs. Carlotta Addison, Buckingham White and Marie Wilton. Also **A WINNING HAZARD**, and **A LAME EXCUSE**: Messrs. Montgomery, Collette, Sidney, Terriss; Messrs. A. and B. Wilton.

## QUEEN'S THEATRE, Long Acre.

Manager, Mr. E. J. Young.  
This Evening at 7.30, **MY WIFE'S DENTIST**. Followed by, at 8.30, **THE TURN OF THE TIDE**: Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Mellon, Keet Webb, Reynolds, J. Howard, Frank Matthews, and John Ryder; Messrs. Sophia Young, H. Hodson, K. Gordon, K. Harder, and Mrs. F. Matthews.

## ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.

Lessee, Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.  
Every Evening, at 7.30, **Professor Risley's IMPERIAL JAPANESE TROUPE**, with the little wonder of the world, "All Right," and Herbert, Frank, and John Linton, in the Risley High School of the Gymna. Little "All Right" in the Great Ladder, Japanese Jar, and Imperial Tub Tricks.

## CHARING-CROSS.

Under the Management of Miss E. Fowler.  
Fifty-second night of the highly successful drama of **EDEN DALE**, which will be played Every Evening until further notice. To be followed (for the first time) by F. C. Barnard's New Burlesque upon the Old Story of "Faust and Marguerite," containing VERY LITTLE FAUST and MORE MEPHISTOPHELES. New Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments. To conclude with Selby's Farce, **THE PIRATES OF PUINNEY**.

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This Evening, at 8, **THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY MINSTRELS**, from St. James's Hall: Messrs. Moore, Crocker, Rushin-on, Vastria, Collins, Nish, and Forty Performers. Manager, Mr. Frederick Burgess.

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Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## THE

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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The Illustrated Weekly News  
AND LONDON HERALD.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

## THE PENALTIES OF TRAVEL.

Just now when so many persons, weary of the toil and strain of the last nine months, are hurrying away to the Continent, in quest of health and change, the personal narrative given by Mr. Henry Jencken, which we refer to in another column, of the ill-treatment he met with and of the risk he incurred in the South of Spain cannot fail to have suggested strange and painful reflections to English readers. He was, as he tells us, walking on a fine July evening in the public promenade of Lorca, a grim old place in the mountains to the west of Murcia, when he was met by a woman leading a child by the hand. He bade the woman "Good evening," according to the common usage of the country, when the woman suddenly turned round and raised a cry of alarm. Mr. Jencken, who had moved on, unconscious of harm, soon found himself pursued by three men who attacked him with long knives, and one of whom hurled a stone at his head, which brought him on his knees. Upon his struggling to rise he was beset by a mob, by whom he was most savagely mauled and belaboured, and from whose hands he was only rescued, when beaten within an ace of his life, by the intervention of some "Volunteers of Freedom," or National Guards such as now exist in Spain—a set of men hardly less uncouth than the populace itself—who, after tying his hands behind him so tightly as to cause the blood to gush from the wounds in his arms and hands, conveyed him through the midst of an infuriated multitude howling for his death, and striving to compass it, to the judgment-seat in the main square, before the Alcalde, or Mayor of the place. That magistrate, and other gentlemen to whom Mr. Jencken was known, succeeded in bringing the mob to their senses, arrested the chief offenders and sent for a carriage, in which the half-murdered gentleman was driven to a friend's house and consigned to the surgeon's care.

We learn from Mr. Jencken himself, says the *Times*, to which journal he addressed his letter, that there was, on the part of some persons whose ill-will he had, in the exercise of his professional duties, been compelled to provoke, "a deliberate design on his life," and that the population of Lorca acted, in this case, less on their own impulse than on deliberate suggestion. Mr. Jencken had been denounced to them as a child-stealer—a *Tio del Suin*, or Grease Monger, whom they suspected of "catching and butchering young children for the purpose of using the fat of their entrails to grease the telegraph wires." Among the crowd who handled Mr. Jencken so cruelly there may have been men bribed by his personal adversaries to take his life, but, independently of all conspiracy, it seems that the mere cry of "child stealer" raised against any man in the present mood of the Spanish population is as likely to cause that man's murder as the designation of "poisoner" was in cholera times at Naples, Palermo

and other places in the South of Italy. That a murderous fury may be roused in the minds of a people against one whom they look upon as a public malefactor is nothing that should surprise us. What seems amazing is the nature of the charge brought against the supposed evildoer. It is the ready belief of the multitude in a crime of which the end is so ludicrously disproportionate to the means. That children are stolen for atrocious purposes is a notion which has been running through the brains of most European nations at all periods. Jews, gipsies, and a variety of proscribed races and sects have again and again been denounced, persecuted, and massacred as kidnappers of children. Even lately, within a few days, we have read reports of missing children in some of the Belgian cities, and of such suspicions arising among the inhabitants as make it dangerous for a stranger to caress, or even simply to notice, the infants he meets in the streets. But of all uses to which kidnapped children were ever supposed to be put, nothing seems so extraordinary as the application of their fat to lubricate telegraph wires. Every one has heard of that landlord of Bari who minced the little innocents up as *tonnino*, or pickled tunny-fish, and served them to his customers till the blessed St. Nicholas exposed the trick and brought the perpetrator to justice. The picture of the miracle is to be seen at the door of most churches dedicated to the saint on the Continent, the good Bishop holding forth his fore and middle fingers in the act of benediction, and the children rising at the spell and bounding out of the tub in which their identity seemed for ever lost. It is difficult to say to what extent this legend, which many of the lower Italians still believe, may have contributed to foster among Southern people their worst apprehensions about the designs of wicked persons upon their children. But the notion that telegraph wires require to be greased, and that nothing but the fat of children will avail for the purpose, must needs appear to every man so strange and preposterous as to make us wonder with whom it may have originated, and with whom it may first have found belief.

It seems easy to set down this wonderful proof of brutality to the backward state of education among the Spanish people. When the schoolmaster gets home, the Spaniards (who, Mr. Jencken is convinced, "with all their faults, have still the elements of a great people, being at heart hospitable, kind, and generous") will, it is to be hoped, know better. Yet we would advise people not to be over-sanguine as to the civilizing influence of mere school learning. Not a little has been and is being done in these islands towards the diffusion and improvement of popular instruction. Even more is being attempted in France, in Germany, in the United States. But what are we, then, to think of the Spirit Rappers and all the legion of their American and European votaries?

## THE GARDEN.

## FLOWER GARDEN.

We have had abundance of rain, and the effect on our garden is very marked. There are now many operations that may be advantageously carried on by the amateur.

Cut off the decayed flowers of geraniums, calceolarias, delphiniums, and French marigolds. Take off the heads of the black perilla, the red amaranthus, and the silver-like cineraria maritima; they will make fresh growth. Begin to look after the greenhouse plants that have been standing in their pots out of doors.

This is a good time for hybridising any annual flowers which may be thought likely to improve under the operation.

Annuals in pots will require frequent waterings, and it will now be time to mark choice kinds intended for seed. These must not be suffered to exhaust themselves by too many flowers; they should be placed in a warm spot, and removed under shelter of an evening.

Where this matter has not been already attended to, the bed should be prepared without further delay for the several kinds of flowers to be raised in the open ground from seed; and upon a due choice of the situation, and management of the soil now, will in a great measure depend future success. Let a portion of the garden be selected for the purpose, if practicable, let it be open to the south-east, and defended from the north by a good fence, while at the same time sheltered moderately from the noonday sun. Divide this space with many partitions as there are to be kinds of plants, leaving small alleys between. Break up the soil well, and get it ready. When the beds are properly made up, let them lie a day or two to settle. Then remove as much of the surface soil as will suffice to cover the seeds a quarter of an inch, when scatter the latter on. Sift over them the mould reserved for the purpose, and after this let the beds be managed all in the same way. They should be gently watered, if at any time they appear too dry; and when the young plants appear let them be kept clear of weeds, and watered when necessary.

Propagate bedding plants; of geraniums and fuchsias, ripe hard shoots make the best plants, both for winter keeping and next season's blooming. Strike verbenas and petunias from the points of young shoots; calceolarias do best if struck in peat. Herbaceous plants may also be struck in quantities to keep over winter in frames, such as pansies, dielytras, double walls, double Canterbury bells, double feverfew, and hollyhocks. Sow hardy perennials and biennials for next season's blooming, if not done yet; but by this time the plants ought to be fit for planting out, in which case plant them where they are to remain, to get thoroughly strong. Bud roses as the season permits, choosing dull moist weather, when the bark rises freely.

Propagating Bedding Plants in Sand and Water.—Procure some large 32-pots or glazed pans of a moderate depth. If pots, stop the hole with a cork, fill the pot with about two-thirds of a mixture of leaf-mould, or dung and loam in equal parts, with a little sand; then fill up the pot within one inch from the top with sand; after which give each pot a good watering, allowing a little water to cover the sand, so that you can put your cuttings in without a dibble, filling the pot



all over. Then put them in a one or two light box, according to the quantity, keeping them close till they are struck, which will take about a fortnight. Be sure there is always sufficient water to cover the sand so that they may not flag. When they are struck they will require about a week to harden them off previous to potting, and the best way is to put five or six in 48-pots—this must depend upon the size of the plants; they require a room for housing. Scarlet geraniums do best put in the open ground, where they will have the full sun. Acting upon these examples, success is certain.

PLANT-HOUSES AND FRAMES.

**Conservatory.**—This structure, says the *Gardener's Magazine*, should now be gay with lilliums, gladioli, balsams, thunbergias, cockscombs, fuchsias, heliotropes, petunias, ferns, and other foliage plants.

**Greenhouse.**—If the weather happens to be cold and wet, keep the plants earlier than usual, for if the soil gets sour, now that there are but a few roots to absorb the moisture, the plants will suffer serious injury. They must, however, have a thorough circulation of air about them. A cold pit with the lights tilted back and front is the best position for them in the next two months.

**Pantries.**—The main batch of cineraria offsets will be in equal condition for potting, and the early lot should be sited on. Pot off seedlings into large sixties; these and the herbaceous calceolarias require a cool and rather moist position, in combination with free ventilation. Grown in a close confined temperature, they get injured by mildew. Pot off intermediate stocks if strong enough, or sow at once if not already done. Give plenty of air to auriculars, and water very carefully, for just after they are newly potted is a critical time to deal with them.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Plant out from the seed-bed a good breadth of brown cos and Hammersmith cabbage lettuce, also green curled and Batavian endive; the latter forms an admirable substitute for lettuce in the winter. These will all do well in beds lately occupied with onions, as the ground will be in good heart, and a quick growth will be the result. This batch will turn in nicely through October and November, and to succeed them for the next three months a pinch of each should be sown at once. At this season it is the wisest plan to make three small sowings of these things instead of one general one. If the weather happens to be rather warm for a time after the seed is sown, the plants get too large to stand the cold and wet weather without suffering; on the other hand, sown late, and a spell of cold weather sets in, the plants have not time to get large enough for use. There is no time or space wasted, because the earliest can be used first, and then follow with the other as they turn in. Earth up celery when nearly full grown, and be careful to keep the leaves together when the work is going on, to prevent the earth getting into the hearts of the plants. It takes about a month or five weeks to blanch it ready for use. A few onions may be sown for salads; those sown in the spring should be gone over, and all with stiff necks that show no signs of approaching maturity should be carefully bent down. Thin out and hoe through the turnip crop, to give the bulbs a chance to attain dependent dimensions before the cold weather checks the growth. It is quite time the winter crop of spinach was sown; therefore, if not yet done, it ought to be sown at once, especially in cold situations. Stop all the growing points of tomatoes, and remove the leaves which shade the fruit to fully expose it to the sun.

FRUIT GARDEN.

No more stopping and pinching of wall-trees after this; and if the wood is expected to be thoroughly matured the shoots must be nailed in at once. This is also necessary to expose the fruit to the beneficial influence of the light and air, which is now becoming a matter of importance to it, if first-class quality is expected.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

The King of Italy has conferred on Sir Roderick Murchison the distinction of Grand Officer of the Crown of Italy.

The *Tin at Ligez*.—The *Independence Belye* states that Miss Burdett Coutts has accepted the invitation of the town of Ligez to attend the *foies* at the forthcoming "Tin International."

The Marchioness of Ailesbury, while stepping from a yacht into a boat at the Cowes regatta, missed her footing and fell into the sea. Fortunately she sustained no injury beyond a shock and a very unpleasant cold bath.

The incumbency of St. James's Chapel, Brighton, which became vacant by the death of the Rev. Julius Elliott on the Alps, has been conferred upon the Rev. William Worcester Goddard, M.A., of Worcester College, Oxford, senior curate of Brighton.

The great ship canal which is to connect Amsterdam with the North Sea at a cost of 27,000,000 guilders is now in progress after a temporary stoppage of the work. The canal will be about 15 miles in length, at one part strongly embanked, and a harbour of refuge will be built at its mouth at a part of the coast where a harbour is greatly needed.

The Police and the Bank Clerks.—It is stated that Inspector Wade and Sergeant Houlton, Toncher, and Toddman, the officers engaged in the affray between the police and the clerks of the Charing-cross branch of the National Bank, have been transferred by the Commissioners of Police from the C division to different other divisions.

A GREAT Orange demonstration was held at Hilton Park, Glouces, on Saturday. Thirty thousand persons were present, representing one hundred and forty lodges. Resolutions were passed condemning the Government for dismissing the High Sheriff of Monaghan; also condemning the Irish Church Act, and the Party Processions Act. There was no serious disturbance.

A PATRIARCH.—A few days since Richard Wood George died at Green-street, Kent, at the age of 92½ years. He was the father of 10 sons and two daughters nine of whom survive him, the eldest being 71 years of age. His grandchildren number 49 alive, and his great grandchildren 96, of whom 23 are dead. He lived to see the fifth generation; and the number of his posterity alive is no fewer than 121, many of whom attended the funeral.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS.—The medical schools in connection with the great metropolitan hospitals will commence their winter campaign on Friday, the 1st of October, when inaugural addresses will be delivered by some of the most distinguished professors. At King's College the address will be delivered by Dr. Johnson; at Guy's, by Dr. C. Hilton Fagge; at London, by Dr. Meymott Tidy; at St. Mary's by Dr. Cheadle; and at St. George's, by Dr. Watkiss.

AURIST.—The body of Amelia Collier, aged thirteen years, who was found by Griffith confesses to have poisoned on Easter Monday, has been opened at Newport. The jury went to the cemetery

where the young lady was buried, and the coffin containing the body was taken from the grave in their presence, and taken to the mortuary chapel, where the lid was removed and the body identified. The surgeon then proceeded to dissect the body, and the inquest was adjourned till September 3.

The proposed visits of the Duke of Edinburgh seem to excite some anxiety at almost every place where he is expected. The Indian authorities are perplexed how to carry out the Queen's desire that the Prince shall not receive or give presents during his visit; and the Emperor of China, it is said, has intimated that he cannot receive the Prince "on a footing of equality." Probably the Imperial Chamberlains will find a way out of the difficulty.

JONAH DETHRIDGE was executed on Thursday morning, last week, at Dorchester for the murder of a warder at the convict prison in Portland in March last. Although only twenty years of age when sentenced to penal servitude by the magistrates at the Staffrd sessions in January, 1865, he had been summarily convicted no less than eleven times previously. Since his condemnation he has maintained a sullen, obstinate demeanour, and met his fate with the utmost apparent indifference.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS IN AUSTRIA.—Austria possesses at present 263 nunneries and 4,390 nuns. They are thus distributed:—Tyrol has 103, Bohemia 53, Austria proper 47, Moravia 19, Salzburg 17, Styria 17, and Carinthia 8. Besides these there are 287 convents in the empire with 5,348 monks, 3,441 of whom are priests, and 1,877 lay brothers. They are thus divided: Bohemia has 78, Tyrol 66, Austria proper 66, Moravia 34, Styria 28, Salzburg 9, and Carinthia 6. Thus 10,203 persons in Austria have devoted themselves to a religious life.

GOLD CHAINS AND THEIR VALUE.—A special sitting of the Birmingham County Court has just been held to try a case of great importance to the gold chain trade and to the public. The question involved was whether chains marked and invoiced as nine-carat chains should be expected to assay at nine-carat. It was contended by the defendant in the case that it is well understood in the gold chain trade that chains so marked are not—except specially made—of nine-carat value. The judge said that upon the defendant's own evidence he should decide against him.

An application has been made to the vacation judge in Chancery for the appointment of a professional liquidator of the Albert Life Office, whose outstanding policies amount to between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. It is understood (the *Times* says) that in order to avoid the consequences that would inevitably result from a sudden and unqualified liquidation—bad in all cases, but absolutely ruinous in assurance matters—a scheme will be submitted to the policyholders, through which, by their consenting to sacrifice some moderate proportion of their policies, the company may be reconstructed on a basis that will leave no doubt the worth of its stability.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A CLERGYMAN.—The Rev. Mr. Salisbury, a clergyman of the Church of England, has met with a sad end at Newhaven, Sussex. Deceased was 47 years of age, and at the time of his death was without a cure. A few days ago a labourer named Titmond was going along the beach westward of Newhaven harbour, when he found the body of the unfortunate gentleman. He was quite dead, and there were some bruises upon the body, especially on the head. At the inquest Miss Salisbury, the deceased's sister, said she could not account for her brother's body being found in the water. As there was no evidence to enable the jury to come to a definite opinion, an open verdict of found dead was recorded.

CAPTAIN MANGLES, at the recent South Western Railway meeting, said, speaking about accidents, perhaps it was not too much to say that the men in the company's employment, from the highest to the lowest, deserved great credit for their attention and care in performing their duties. The directors were, on the whole, much gratified with that result. He mentioned as an instance of that care that there was a pointsman named Chatband who had been twenty-seven years in their service, and had never caused an accident. It showed the great care with which some men performed that duty, and when he told them that on a Saturday 533 trains passed those points at Nine Elms, on Whit Monday 719 trains, and on other days 473 trains, the great care taken would become much more apparent.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES MOORE, M.P.—We have to announce the death of Mr. Charles Moore, M.P. for the county of Tipperary, who was the head of the firm of Charles Moore and Co., shipowners, formerly of Water-street, Liverpool, but latterly carrying on business in London. The death of Mr. Moore occurred at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, at his residence in Grafton-street, Mayfair. The deceased gentleman, who was 65 years of age, was the son of the late Mr. Arthur Moore, and was married in 1835 to Miss Mary Elizabeth Story. He owned large estates in Ireland, and had a fine country seat, called Moorsfort, in Tipperary, of which county he was a justice of the peace. He was popular in Ireland more especially after he purchased the estate in Ballycohey, relieving the tenantry of the Scully proprietorship shortly after the attempted assassination of Mr. Sully.

EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—A third party of emigrants left Deptford and Millwall on Tuesday afternoon for the Victoria Docks en route for Canada. They were accompanied to the docks by the hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., Dr. Carr, Captain Williamson, Dr. J. L. Palling, Rev. Mr. Kitchin, and other gentlemen. The number of emigrants who left in the vessel was nearly 200, they being such artisans, with their families, as will be likely to obtain employment in Canada during the winter, those sent hitherto being mostly of the labouring class. They received suitable advice and information for their guidance. The accounts received from those who have already reached Canada have been most encouraging, comfortable situations having been obtained by the greater part of them; and it is the intention of the committee to send a large number in the spring of next year if sufficient funds are provided by public liberality.

The second report, just published, from the Select Committee appointed to control the arrangements of the kitchen and refreshment rooms in the House of Commons, states that during the present session, up to the 4th of August, 12,795 members dined in the refreshment rooms. The Committee believe that the management of the rooms by Mr. Nicholas continues to give satisfaction; for, although they have received a few complaints from members during the present session, Mr. Nicholas has very promptly rectified any fault to which his attention has been at any time called. The Committee repeat their complaint of the very insufficient accommodation which is afforded to members for dining, and state that they have received numerous protests to that effect. The Committee, in accordance with these complaints, desire earnestly to impress upon the House the extreme desirability of this defect being remedied with as little delay as possible.

A "GRAND Irish Monster Excursion to Hampton" is advertised to take place on Sunday, August 29. "The committee," the advertisement says, "request that every intelligent Irishman who loves God and Fatherland will rally around the national banner on this occasion. Every representative of the several London districts will provide his own van, and take charge of his own contingent of patriots. The latter will meet at the central point of assembly Lincoln's-in-fields, whence the procession of Irishmen and the noble daughters of Erin, accompanied by bands and banners, and outriders, whose duty will be to open a free way for the assemblage, will proceed to the appointed spot at the charming and interesting village of Hampton. The names and the men who have favoured the excursion with their support and countenance have been sufficient to ensure the success of the excursion, and the committee are confident that the excursion will be carried out in the most satisfactory manner."

object will be to make the influence and the power of our countrymen visible in the heart of the enemy, and to raise aloft upon English soil that glorious banner and which has braved a thousand disasters only to float victoriously again over the citadel of our tyrants."

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.—This movement, which has for its object the promotion of temperance principles among the young, has now assumed a most important position in the philanthropic world, and embraces a vast variety of operations. Begun in Leeds by the Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe and Mr. Carlile, of Dublin, it has since made great progress. Its rapid spread is seen in the fact that last year 49,581 pledge cards were sold by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union alone, and other pledge cards have a large sale, thus showing that vast numbers of children must sign the pledge annually. The same society sold 28,327 melody books, besides an imposing number of other publications. Singing is earnestly cultivated by the leaders of this movement, and pure and beautiful songs and hymns are thus introduced into thousands of homes. Recently 3,000 Band of Hope children sang in the Colston Hall, Bristol, thus emulating 5,000 little temperance choristers who sang in the Crystal Palace. The lamentable increase of drunkenness in some parts of England indicates the importance of this effort to increase national sobriety.

A LETTER from Grindelwald gives an interesting account of the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Elliot, which took place on the 30th of July. The pastor of Grindelwald had kindly prepared a room in his house for the reception of the body, and it was placed there. It had sustained little injury, and it was evident that death must have been instantaneous. The funeral took place in the afternoon. Mr. Elliot's companion and his guide were the chief mourners, and the coffin was borne by the guides who had recovered the body. A very large number of visitors and guides attended, and the ceremony was most solemn and impressive. The Grand Duchess of Baden kindly sent a bouquet of Alpine roses, gathered by herself, to place in the coffin; and the pastor of the village placed his church at the disposal of the English chaplain who performed the service. Before leaving the church the pastor delivered an address in German to his parishioners, calling on them for their sympathy, and showing them the prayer-book found on the body, with so many passages underlined, as a proof of the spirit in which Mr. Elliot had loved and sought their mountains.

On Saturday an out-door demonstration in aid of the 2,000 locked-out miners in South Yorkshire, was held in Mr. Clapham's park at Leeds. At a meeting held in the evening in connection with the lock-out, Mr. Alderman Carter, M.P., was one of the speakers. He said that they were told that trade unions had destroyed the good feeling that existed formerly between masters and men, but those who argued thus forgot that the perfection of union which they looked for was to be found in the very spirit of slavery itself. Where was there more perfect union and sympathy than between the slave and the slaveholder? It had always been understood that the more independent they could make a man the better it was for the man himself and for the country. Those masters should not complain that men were becoming independent. It was a proof, at all events, that the men were elevating themselves in the social scale, and it was one of the best proofs that trade unions had a good effect upon working men that it led them to be independent. He believed where there were the strongest unions there were the most independent workmen, the shortest hours of labour, and the best pay.

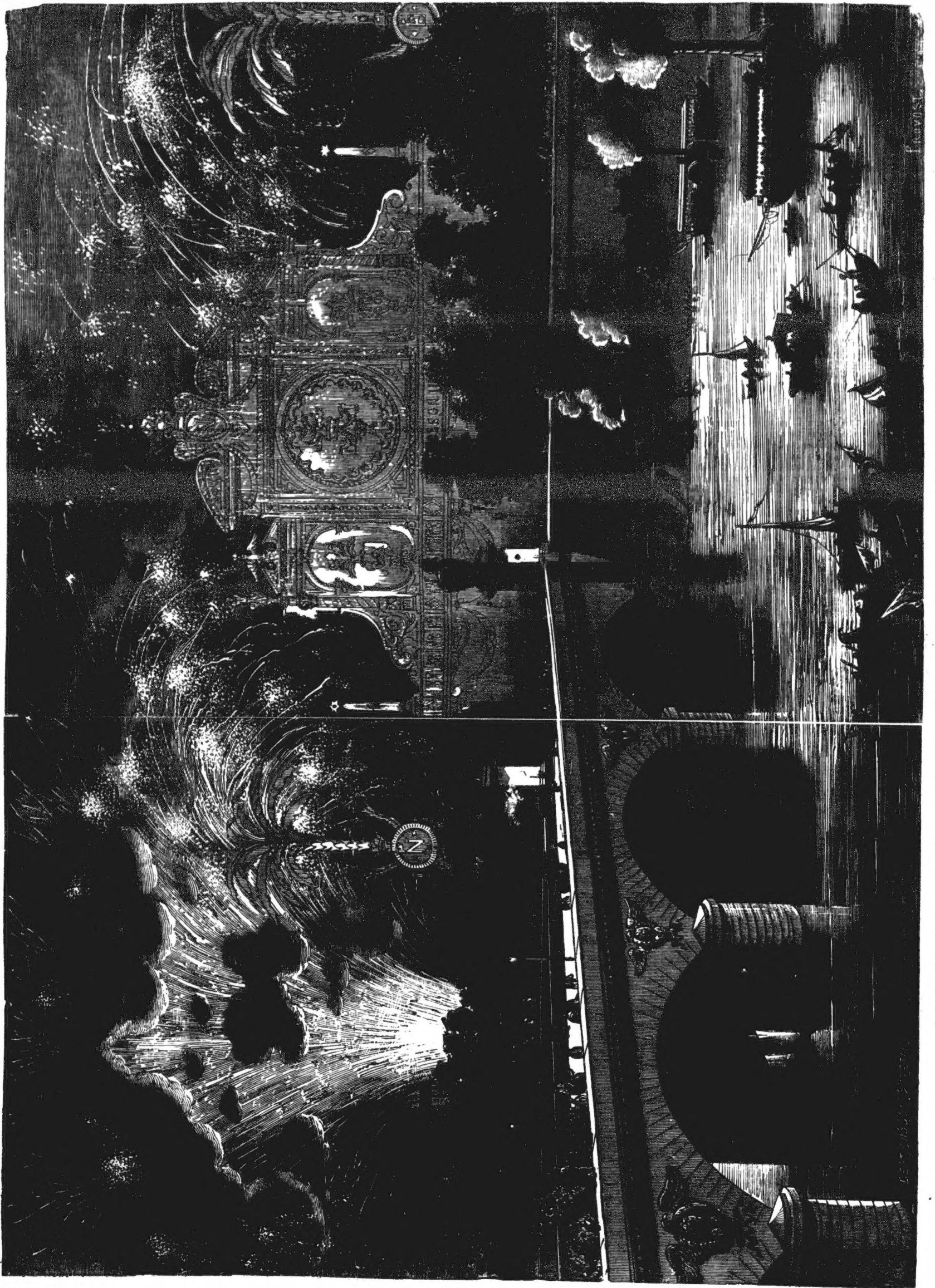
LOOK TO THE WEIGHTS.—We quoted some statistics the other day showing to what an extent false weights and measures are being used by retail traders. But we made no mention then of a form of swindling which we have since heard is quite common among the costermongers. Scores of these may be seen going about our streets with barrows loaded with fruit which they sell at the lowest prices. When cherries are cheap at fourpence a pound they may be heard crying out "Cherries ripe! twopence a pound;" and as these people can never tell the price of a pound without showing how much they wish to save the public from all trouble by instantly adding the price of half a pound, the cry is elongated into "Cherries ripe, twopence the pound, apenny the half-pound!" Let the inspectors examine the weights; they will find every one exact. Let a customer proceed to buy; he will find that the hawk is liberal and gives good measure heaped up. Where, then, is the swindle? The swindle consists only in this, that the weights are made to look double what they are, so that when a customer goes to buy a pound of fruit he is served with but half a pound. If he examines the transaction he will see that the weight put into the scales looks like a pound, and he is so impressed with the generosity of the costermonger in giving him abundant measure, that he deems no further scrutiny to be necessary and goes away satisfied. The trick is very common.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—The *Nashville Press* gives the following account of a wonderful fiery whirlwind observed in the neighbourhood of Chestnut County:—On the farm of Edward Sharp, five miles from Ashland, a sort of whirlwind came along over the neighbouring woods, taking up small branches and leaves of trees, and burning them in a sort of flaming cylinder that travelled at the rate of about five miles an hour, developing signs as it travelled. It passed directly over the spot where a team of horses were feeding, and singed their manes and tails up to the roots. It then swept towards the house, taking a slack of hay in its course. It seemed to increase in heat as it went, and by the time it reached the house it immediately fired the shingles from end to end of the building, so that in ten minutes the whole dwelling was wrapped in flames. The tall column of travelling caloric then continued its course over a wheat field that had been recently cradled, setting fire to all the stalks that happened to be in its course. Passing from the field, its path lay over a stretch of woods which reached the river. The green leaves on the trees were criped to a cylinder for a breadth of 20 yards, in a straight line to the Cumberland. When the "pillar of fire" reached the water, it suddenly changed its route down the river, raising a column of steam which went up to the clouds for about half a mile, when it finally died out. Not less than 200 people witnessed this strangest of strange phenomena, and all of them tell substantially the same story about it. The farmer, Sharp, was left houseless by the devouring element and his two horses were so affected that no good is expected to be got out of them in future. Several withered trees in the woods through which it passed were set on fire, and continue burning still.

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?"—"Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

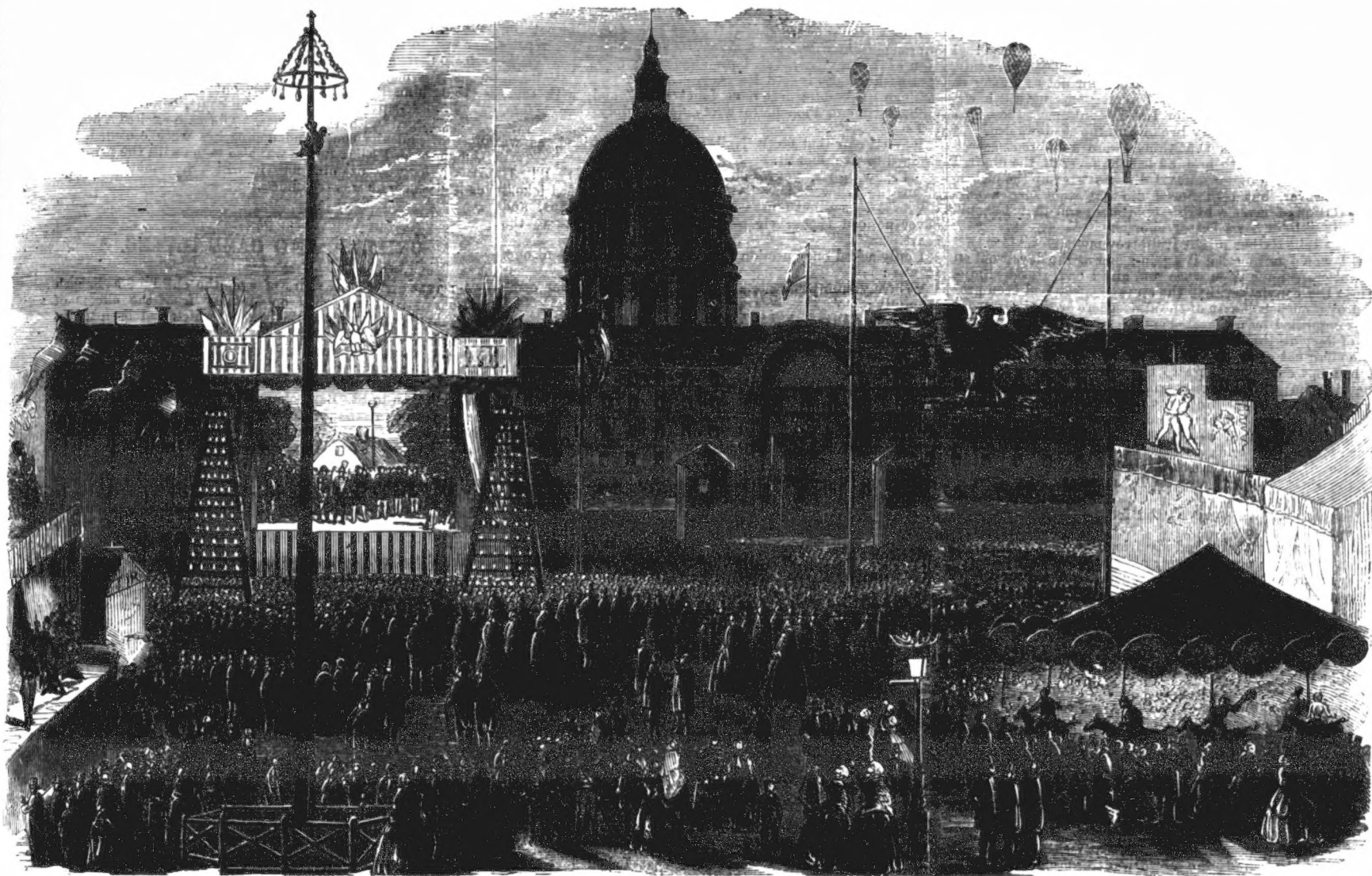
A LEARNED professor of Munich publishes some curious statistics concerning the amount of beer annually consumed in Europe. The total quantity manufactured he estimates at the prodigious figure of five thousand millions of litres; more than enough, as he perhaps somewhat maliciously asserts, to float the whole Prussian navy. The average number of litres consumed per inhabitant in 1868 was in Bavaria 134; England, 113; Belgium, 80; Austria, 22; France, 20; Prussia, 19; Spain, 2; Russia and Italy, 1. Referring to the large quantity drunk in his native country, the author candidly owns that he is personally responsible for six litres a day, or





THE PAR.S FE.ES.—THE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS AS SEEN FROM THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)





THE PARIS FÊTES.—THE THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

## The Mystery of the Loebw Bridge.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

I.—FROM HIS DIARY.

I AM not a spiritualist—I dare not be. People strong of nerve may stand on the brink of the precipice, on the edge of the parapet, and, looking down, compute the dizzy depth. If I tremblingly approach a sickening horror seizes all my senses, a devil's voice hisses in my ear, *Cast thyself down from hence!* Men of logical mind may draw aside the curtain of the grave and throw the steady plumb-line of the philosophic gaze into the yawning abysses of eternity. But for me—too well I know that "that way madness lies." Those who will may laugh at ghosts, or seek to meet them I dare not believe or disbelieve. The air around us may be thronged with spirits; we may live in their world, as insects live in our, all unconscious of the higher existences about us; I shut my eyes. I never wish to see one, or for an instant to imagine that I do. I dread the possible phantasms of a fevered brain as much as the real phantoms whose apparition would craze it.

"From all crafts and assaults of the devil, Good Lord deliver us!"

I am not a timid man. No one dares call me a coward. I fought my way through the four years of the Rebellion, and won my major's straps in the charge at Gettysburg. I can lift with pride these heavy masses of hair and show the gleaming white scar that marks clear across my skull the lightning course of one of those bullets from which I never flinched. But my weapons are not spiritual, and I would rather meet my deadliest foe in open fight at noonday than encounter the "dear departed shade" of my best friend in "the dead waste and middle of the night."

Ghosts walk in sunlight, do they?

It is inexplicable. I cannot bear to think of it, and that is why I have filled this page of my diary with moralizing instead of a simple record of the day's adventures, as my habits. I cannot stop thinking of it, so perhaps I had write it down and see if I cannot get rid of the burden that oppresses me by giving up its keeping to this journal, which no eye but my own can ever see.

It is only a photograph—or rather a ferretotype—of the Fulton Street Bridge, and one of the crowds that daily assemble upon that elevated thoroughfare. Only a ferretotype, and I have another like it, though taken on a different day. Both are poorly taken, and to a casual eye the second seems a duplicate of the first, though of course the crowds are different. They are much alike; that is the trouble—too much alike.

In the first place, I am in each of them, and in nearly the same position. There, in about the middle of the bridge, near the riding, is my face—there, just under—

This is how I came to have it taken. New York is a great city. It can afford to throw twenty thousand dollars into the mud, as Sir Walter cast his velvet cloak, to save royal feet a wetting, and then stand by and laugh to see the sovereigns ignore and pass around it, and laugh at them if they don't. The papers say that only country people avail themselves of the new bridge.

I am a countryman, I suppose, and I am not ashamed to own it, though I might say instead that I am in business in

the city. But, in fact, my business only calls me into town two or three times a week, and I still live in my father's home on the farm in New Jersey, where I was born. I had hoped by this time to be living in a home of my own, with wife and children about me; but now—well, I have told my journal that secret too.

As I was starting for the city last Friday my little sister Sue called after me,

"Do, Harry, bring me home a picture of the Fulton-street Bridge."

I remembered her as I passed it going to my lunch, and, as much to please her as to gratify my own curiosity, I mounted the long staircase, intending to surprise her with a picture of myself in that of the bridge.

With this intention I elbowed my way through the crowd, and obtained a position close to the railing on the lower side, which would be, as near as I could calculate, in the direct focus of the camera. The view of Broadway from this point was an interesting one, and I watched the counter currents of humanity flowing ceaselessly through it, with pleasure at first. But even such an elevation as I looked down from was enough to make my head a little dizzy, and I was glad when the eccentric photographer, who daily takes the bridge as Joshua took Jericho, with the blast of a trumpet sounded his horn to give warning of his purpose, while the veiled eye of the camera was slowly turned upon the expectant crowd. There was a sudden stir and rustle as each one endeavored to strike an attitude supposed to be becoming; again the horn sounded; a sudden quiet and silence fell upon us; the veil was drawn from the eye of the Cyclops, and we remained petrified for an eternity of five seconds, till one more blast broke the spell and set us free.

I took one glance up Broadway, and then hurried down on the other side of the bridge, glad enough to find my feet on a level with *terra firma* once more.

Then I ran up to the photographer's saloon, paid my twenty-five cents, just glanced at the picture to assure myself that it was the right one, and, recognising my own face, put the precious article into my pocket-book and hurried away to my restaurant, where I had appointed a meeting of business with a gentleman. From that time until I had to take the boat to catch the last train which could get me home that night, I was so pressed that I could not even read the day's papers. So, when I got on the train, I borrowed a lantern of the conductor, whom I knew, and, sitting in a freight car, enjoyed them and my pipe all the way home.

As I unfolded the *Herald* my eye was caught by one of the "personals," because of its heading.

Fulton Street Bridge. First time. Meet again on Monday. Spirit.

Of course I forgot the foolish thing as soon as I read it, and occupied myself with the more important topics of the paper.

It was late when I reached the house, and, letting myself in with my night-key, I walked softly up the stairs to my room. But there was a light in the one next to it, which was Sue's. She is a romantic child, and I suspect her of sitting up late sometimes to read novels. She heard my step, and threw open her door to meet me, making a pretty picture as she stood on the threshold in her scarlet dressing sack and white skirts, with her dark hair unbound and ripping over her shoulders.

"Oh, Harry! have you brought me the picture?"

"Yes, little goosey, come and get it," I said, throwing my arm round her waist, and kissing her rosy lips in hearty, big-brother style as I drew her into my room.

"Why don't you wear your hair that way all the time,

Sue? It's all the fashion in New York. Or, if you would rather make some money, cut it off and send it to one of the city girls to sew on to her hat. That's the way they do. Whew— isn't it long?" and I drew it through my fingers admiringly, till she called me a horrid boy for tangling it, and commenced diving unceremoniously into the depths of my over-coat pockets.

"Not there, child; you are not acquainted with the topography of a gentleman's pockets. There, do you know any one in that crowd?" I threw the picture on the bureau before her.

"Oh, Harry, there you are yourself, you dear old thing! I knew you in a minute, though you have got two moustaches. What did you move your head for? Is that the way it looks on the bridge? How funny! But who is that looking over your shoulder?"

"Some rag-picker, I suppose, or maybe a pickpocket; there were plenty of them up there." I laughed, and took up the picture to examine it for the first time.

It was curious. I saw nothing remarkable at first, but as I held the picture to the light under my student-lamp I did perceive, dimly visible in the throng behind me, a face very different from all the rest, just above my left shoulder. It seemed to fill up an opening in the crowd of heads, but nothing was visible of the body which belonged to it. It was a woman's face, and different from the rest in that it was unadorned by any bonnet (I was going to say unshaded, but what face is not in these days?), in that the eyes were closed, or nearly so, in that the whole expression was one of death, not life.

Perhaps I am making my description more accurate than it could have been that evening. My little sister had not noticed as much as this, I know, and the whole impression was so blurred that only a critical eye could have distinguished one face from another. Only, this one seemed a little more distinct than the rest. It was as if all the others had moved, and this one alone retained self-control, and remained entirely motionless.

"A Sister of Charity, I should think, Sue, practising sanctification of the eyes in penance for having her picture taken."

"Is it really, do you think?" she innocently asked, and, giving me another kiss for good-night, ran off to her own room, carrying her treasure with her, and I went to bed.

I don't remember that I dreamed that night. Perhaps I did without knowing it, for about two o'clock I woke with a sudden start, fancying that what roused me was a rush of cold air on my face, and the loud-spoken words, "Meet again on Monday!" And, just as I opened my eyes, the white dead face of the picture floated before me, and then dissolved into the darkness.

I started up in bed and gazed eagerly after it; then recollecting myself, sank back again on my pillow. But I could not keep my eyes shut. I was trembling all over in a nervous chill, and at last made up my mind that I should have to endure one of my wakeful nighes, and might as well make the best of it. I lighted my lamp, partially dressed myself, and, raking the cinders off the top of my fire, sat down in dressing-gown and slippers, thinking that I might perhaps read myself to sleep in my arm-chair.

Perhaps I might, if it had not been for that face. It troubled me more than I liked to own, and the confused fancies of my dream still lingered, as such fancies are apt to, until dispelled by the light of day.

I thought I would look at that picture again; and as Sue



always left her door ajar at night, I was able to creep softly into her room and steal it out of her drawer without waking her. The face seemed even more distinct to me than it had at first. So shadowy, yet so stern, and oh, so dead! I felt that Sue would surely notice it if she looked at it again, and resolved to make some excuse to her for not returning it. It took possession of me. I sat gazing, gazing, till I was afraid to look over my shoulder lest I should meet those eyes unveiled; sat so till the day broke and the shadows fled.

Then I must confess that things were a different aspect, and after a bracing bath had cooled the fever of the night, I felt rather ashamed of myself. I did not give up the picture to Sue, however, but told her I did not want such a misrepresentation of myself to be exhibited, and that I should destroy it and get her a better one.

Destroy it! Rather might it destroy me.

But I would not look at it again; and as the days went on the unpleasant impression wore off, and I had reasoned myself into the conviction that the strange effect had been produced by some peculiarity of the atmosphere or the instrument and exaggerated by my heated and wearied brain. I felt the need of keeping this brain of mine quiet, so I tried to put the whole affair out of my thoughts.

I had not expected to go to the city under a week, but something turned up in business that called me there sooner. I was walking down Broadway with a friend, so busily engaged in conversation that I did not notice where we were. The people in front of us stopped, as if to wait for some obstruction to pass, and we stopped, too, necessarily; and also naturally suspended conversation for a moment.

In the pause the words were loudly sounded in my ears.

"Met again on Monday."

I glanced up. We were at the foot of the Fulton-street Bridge.

"D-d you speak?" I asked my friend.

"No. Is anything the matter? You look faint."

"Oh no, indeed," I said; "but excuse me. I have just remembered an appointment close by, and must put off our talk till to-morrow. I shall be in town again, or, perhaps, not go out to-night. Meet me at the Astor House at eleven. Good-by," and I turned down Fulton-street, abruptly, walked around the block, and came back to the bridge. An irresistible impulse drew me up the stairs, and to my former position by the railing. But this time I carefully searched the crowd as I entered it, scanned every face about me, and, when the horn sounded the first time, looked quickly back over each shoulder. I was satisfied that all was right. Every head wore the conventional attire, all the faces were decidedly material, and unquestionably alive. I felt quite at my ease.

The horn sounded the second time. A chill seized me, and I would have given worlds to look back once more, but I seemed paralysed; and I know I kept still that time.

Once more I paid my quarter; once more I looked at my picture—and oh! once more I saw that face, just over my shoulder as before, only the crowd was thinner, and more of it could be seen. The bands of hair combed smoothly down as over the brow of death; the down cast eyes; the nose less saintly, and the mouth with an expression that I had not discovered in the first picture. The lips full, half parted in a smile, as if ready to tell the secret of the veiled eyes—a smile of life on a dead face, a smile seductive, bewildering, half sweet, half cruel. And below, in dimmer outline, as if receding, an appearance which gave the impression of a figure floating in the air, was the cloudy suggestion of the swelling, half veiled bosom.

More than my first terror seized me as I gazed upon it. Whose was this face, and what had she to do with me? I went back to the bridge. Of course I could not take that picture to Sue. I must try once more. When would the horn sound again? Not for an hour, I was told. I was faint with hunger and excitement, but I took no lunch. I spent the whole hour upon the bridge, watching every one of the crowd continually passing and repassing over it, but watching in vain.

The next time the trumpet gave warning I chose a position as far from my original one as was consistent with the possibility of securing a likeness, still taking my former precaution of looking over each shoulder at the last moment. To my great relief my scheme was successful, and no ghostly companion appeared beside me. The picture was a very good one, too; and I felt almost happy as, saying to myself, "There, now, that will do for Sue," I put it carefully into my breast-pocket, and strapped the other into my note-book with the original one.

I am ashamed to tell, even to this journal, how the rest of the day was spent. I neglected my business, and though I did force myself to eat between times, and to drink several cups of *café noir* (I never take anything stronger), every returning hour found me ready for the blast of doom, quite careless of the remarks at last made upon my frequent reappearance by a few loafing boys who seemed to be spending the day on the bridge themselves.

"I say, Bill, here come the swell's a-gettin' up a picture-show all of his own mug!"

"Oh, he's goin' to run for Congress, and is a-goin' to sell them to pay expenses."

"Say, mister, please gi' me a quarter to buy one of your pictures for 'Liza'!"

Yes, I actually spent all the afternoon in these experiments, and made the discovery that the haunted ground of the bridge extended over about a third of its length, and that the middle third. Beyond this boundary, towards either end, I could stand alone without my strange attendant. But I came no nearer a solution of the mystery of her presence within these limits, and, when the fading light and lessening crowd forced the impatient photographer to draw in his horn, I left the bridge in a state of nervous excitement which I was ashamed of but could not control.

I did not return home that night, but staid at the house of an intimate friend, and went to the theatre with the family in the evening. On our return we found two of the young ladies who had remained at home with visitors, deeply engaged in the mysteries of Planchette. I had never examined into the merits of this oracular toy, avoiding it with my usual dread of the supernatural; but now something impelled me to say:

"Can Planchette answer mental questions?"

"Oh yes, indeed; only try it, Mr. Neilson—tell us when you've asked the question."

"I have asked it."

Planchette started off without hesitation, and wrote in a firm round hand that I could read without stopping:

"Spirit."

"Is that the right answer, Mr. Neilson?"

"I asked who is present."

"Oh, then that is a stupid answer, Planchette; can't you tell us whose spirit?" chided the fair priestess. But nothing more could be drawn from the oracle than a constant repetition of this response, and I professed to be more than satisfied with it. So indeed I was.

Then I asked "where have I met you?" and, with some embarrassment, Planchette wrote, less legibly than before, "Lo—Love—"

"What can that mean, Neilson?" said my friend, as we stopped to decipher it.

"Pshaw, girls, your Spirit don't know how to spell! It means the Love Bridge, I've no doubt. That's a good joke."

"So it does—that must be it!" they cried in chorus, and never noticed that their good joke had struck me to the heart.

I only asked one question more, and that also a silent one. It was:

"Have you anything to say to me? and the answer came promptly:

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

A trifling answer it seemed, and I joined in the laugh it raised and went off to bed, thoroughly exhausted by the excitements of the day. To bed, but I can hardly say to sleep. My weary brain had scarcely lost consciousness when it waked again into that condition of semi-trance which is not perhaps peculiar to my own experience. First comes a conscious sense of being asleep, then the mind gradually awakens more and more, and tries to act as usual through its bodily medium, but in vain. The body lies in heavy slumber. The soul seems partly detached from it, and the connection broken between spirit and nerves. The ghastly fear of that complete detachment, which is death, comes over the soul, and the will makes fierce struggles to regain its mastery of the body, until, with a shriek of torture, the bonds slave wakes. How great the real danger of death in this state may be I do not know, but it is my conviction that many of those who have been found dead in their beds, after having retired in apparent health, have died in one of these struggles. I am sure that I came very near dying in mine.

The state is always a dreamless one. The mind possesses more than its usual activity; and so I know that what I saw was real, and not a fancy. I was more than ever under the complete dominion of the trance; and while I lay there powerless, helpless, unable to move or cry out, I saw that face grow out of the darkness: I saw that floating form, and pleading, wreathing arms extended. A bewildering rapturous vision of beauty! I heard words impossible to utter. I knew what the lips said, what the smile meant—not even here can I write it—all, all but the secret of the downcast eyes. When shall their veil be lifted? When shall I read their mystery?

The voice said,

"In moonlight—at midnight—between earth and heaven."

Then another form appeared—one that I had loved, and love still dearer than my life. A glory round the bright brow, a shining cross upon the pure bosom, a look of ineffable love and compassion on the dear face. I struggled, but vainly, to stretch my arms toward it. The other vision faded, a hand whose gentle touch I knew was laid upon my forehead, and I sank into a natural quiet slumber.

(To be concluded next week.)

#### THE OUTRAGE IN THE OLD KENT-ROAD.

Of all the crimes accompanied with violence which have been recorded as having been committed by the notorious thieves and burglars who infest the neighbourhood of the Old Kent-road, the outrage perpetrated on Monday last week is unquestionably the most daring and atrocious. The specific particulars of the occurrence will constitute the best authority for this assertion. About half-past 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon two men were observed loitering in Trafalgar-road, which leads from the Old Kent-road towards Peckham. Mrs. Peake, the victim of the outrage about to be described, resides in this thoroughfare, through which considerable numbers of people are constantly passing. Having adopted, as it is supposed, the ordinary method of discovering whether there were any persons in the house or not, and being persuaded, as was shown by the course afterwards pursued, that the residents of the house were absent, the ruffians forced the door. The only persons in the house at the time were Mrs. Peake, who is the wife of Mr. Peake, a controller of Excise, and her daughter, a girl about 15 years of age. Mrs. Peake was resting on a bed in one of the bedrooms in the back of the house, and was suddenly alarmed by the entrance of a man into the apartment. In order that the details may be distinctly understood, it is necessary to state that the tenants of one of the houses near Mr. Peake's have or had some lodgers residing with them. At first Mrs. Peake thought that one of these lodgers had mistaken his own residence and entered the adjacent house, but finding that such was not the case, she either asked the man who had entered the room if he meant to rob the house, or said that he had come there with that intention. The ruffian, without returning any reply, struck Mrs. Peake over the left temple with the chisel end of a "jemmy," with which it is almost certain the door of the house was forced. This instrument, which was so sharp that, as was subsequently discovered, it cut the hair on that part of the head against which it was directed, inflicted, as may be readily understood, a terrible wound. Mrs. Peake then cried out for help with all the energy she possessed, when the ruffian returned, and struck her again with the jemmy on the crown of the head, causing there a dreadful fracture of the skull. The circumstances which subsequently occurred lead, as will be seen, irresistibly to the belief that the perpetrator of the outrage believed he had killed the victim of his attack. Miss Peake, who had been dressing in a room on a higher story, on hearing a noise went to the top of the flight of stairs leading to the apartment in which she was engaged, when she saw a strange man just beginning to ascend. She ran back to her room, locked the door, and called out for help. The ruffian at once ran down stairs and absconded with his companion, who, it is thought, was keeping watch near the hall door, before Mr. Wrigglesworth, the landlord of the Victory Tavern, his barman, and others, who ran to Miss Peake's assistance, reached the house. While Mrs. Peake was being attended in the manner described several "navvies" were working on a part of a road from which the bedroom in which the outrage was perpetrated

could be seen, and the unfortunate lady's cries could be heard. For a time they did not take any notice of the noise. When, however, they saw that the poor lady, who had made her way to the window, was bleeding profusely, they at once ran to her assistance. On Monday, shortly before five o'clock, a man, giving the name of Thomas Paul, 36, describing himself as a shoemaker, but refusing his address, was brought up at Lambeth Police-court, before Mr. Woolrych, charged with the offence. The case excited a deal of interest, and the court and approaches were crowded. A woman, named Eliza Lewis, was also taken with the prisoner. After a lengthy examination, in which he stoutly asserted his innocence, he was remanded.

#### CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

A LITTLE girl of five years of age, the child of a French polisher at Newbury, died on Monday from the effects of drinking about 2½ oz. of pale brandy, which had been left in the bedroom.

A MAN attempted to commit suicide a few days ago in St. Paul's Cathedral by thrusting his neck against the top of one of the bars which enclose the monument to Sir John Moore. He was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His injuries are said to be internal. He was bleeding from the mouth when he was removed from the cathedral.

A YOUNG man named Gladman, living in the Campbell-road Holloway, was charged at the Clerkenwell police-court with causing the death of his father. A quarrel between the father and son ended in a struggle, in which the former received fatal injuries, though it was alleged by one or two witnesses that no blows were struck. The prisoner was remanded.

A SERIOUS collision occurred on Saturday afternoon at Tinsley, near Sheffield, which resulted in several persons being injured. A passenger train of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company ran into some trucks which were being shunted from the main line to a siding. Several passengers were cut and bruised, and others were severely shaken.

A SHOCKING accident, of which a boy five years of age was the victim, has happened at Sunderland. The little fellow, with some other children, was playing about a crane used for discharging ballast from vessels, and on its being suddenly set in motion, he was drawn in by the wheels. He was shockingly mangled—both his legs being literally torn off his body—and died in two hours.

It was stated that the body of the young woman found drowned at Pendleton, near Manchester, after having been outraged and murdered had been identified as that of Kate Macdonald who had been missing since last Christmas. As the body of Kate Macdonald it was buried, but to the surprise of everybody Kate herself turned up at the Salford police station on Sunday night alive and well.

On Saturday last, during the hours of business, as a gentleman was passing from Gough-square into Fleet-street through Johnson's-court, he was attacked by two men, one of whom seized him by the throat and pressed it so severely that he was unable to cry out, and the other held him by the elbows and wrists, while the first ransacked his pockets and stole all the money they contained. They then ran away unmolested, leaving the gentleman on the ground.

SAD DEATH OF A CITY MISSIONARY.—On Friday night an inquest was held at New-end, Hampstead, on the body of Mr. William Judge, aged 46, a City missionary, residing at 21, Rutland-street, Hampstead-road. Deceased had been engaged in a game of cricket, and while taking some refreshments fell on his face and shortly afterwards expired. The post-mortem examination showed that deceased's heart was somewhat diseased, and that death had resulted from exhaustion, caused by over-exertion and abstinence from food. The jury returned a verdict of Death from Natural Causes.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A POACHER.—Two notorious poachers named Johnson and Mauship, were out poaching, at an early hour in the parish of Belgrave, about two miles from Leicester. Mauship, who was in a field, fired a gun, when Johnson, who was on the other side of the hedge in the lane, instantly exclaimed, "On, how bad I feel!" fell down, rolled into the ditch, and died immediately. He had been subject to heart disease, and it is believed that the report of the gun, which he probably mistook for that of a gamekeeper, had such a startling effect upon him as to cause his death.

MURDER NEAR GREYNA.—A murder was committed at the once famous Grey-na Green on Friday morning last week. It appeared that late on the Thursday night a basketmaker and his wife went to the house of deceased—an old woman who kept a lodging-house—for the purpose of quarrelling with one of the lodgers in the house. They knocked at the door, but the old woman refused them admittance and told them to go away. As they would not, she left her house and went to bring the police to remove them. When returning to the house she was met by the basketmaker and his wife, the former of whom seems to have taken the chief part in the disturbance, and they murdered her.

BURSTING OF A BALLOON.—The journals of Milan state that an aeronaut named Wells has just met with a serious accident near that city. He had been making an ascension at the Cascina di Mezzo, near Ronchetto, and having his balloon half filled with gas, he wished to take it thus to Milan, where the hydrogen might be utilized. He at first endeavoured to convey it by the road, but meeting with difficulties in the way of trees and a high wind, he resolved to ascend and alight nearer his destination, as the current of air was in the right direction. When he had supposed himself over the city, he made his preparations to descend, and had just got ready his grapnel-iron when the balloon burst, and precipitated him from a great height to the ground. He was taken up in an inanimate state, although life was not quite extinct.

GALLANT RESCUE AT WORTHING.—On Saturday afternoon last week at Worthing, a young child, accompanied by a servant, by some chance losing sight of its attendant, fell into the sea from the end of the pier, where the water was very deep. The consternation was great and general. At this moment of alarm a gentleman, who happened to be upon the pier at the moment, struck by the screams of the servant, divested himself without a moment's pause of his coat and waistcoat and plunged in, safely rescuing the child when she was almost exhausted. Not content with his noble act of rescue, the gentleman hurried through the streets to the nearest doctor's, and never left his charge until assured of her restoration. It was not discovered until some time afterwards



that the gentleman who thus at once had proved his skill as a swimmer, his humanity, and his courage, was the well-known director of Her Majesty's Theatre.

**SUICIDE ON THE LINE.**—The dead body of a man has been found, fearfully mutilated, on the Midland Railway, at Whittington, near Worcester. The body was identified as that of a respectably-connected young man, named Fletcher, who was last seen alive at a public-house at Birmingham, on Tuesday evening last week. After calling for a glass of beer, he was supplied with a sheet of note-paper, and wrote a note of which the following is a copy, to a friend, at Balsaver:—"Mr. J. Carter, you have behaved well to me, wife, and family all. I shall soon be in a grave I helped to make a short time ago, little thinking I must be the first to enter therein. God bless you and keep you for ever and for ever. Oh, my poor father, Wm. Fletcher. Oh, my poor mother, Ann Fletcher. Oh, my poor brother, Edward Bargh Fletcher. God bless them all for ever and ever." The jury found that the deceased had committed suicide during temporary insanity.

**ANOTHER EXPLOSION AT HOUNSLOW POWDER MILLS.**—On Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock, in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, Hounslow, Hanworth, and Hampton, the greatest alarm was caused by a terrific report, which turned out to be another powder explosion at the mills of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, situate in the parish of Twickenham, but commonly called the Hounslow Powder Mills. No lives have been sacrificed, but three mills known as green charge mills have been totally destroyed, and three mill keepers, named respectively Saffron, Webb, and Smith, are wounded, and have been removed to their homes, where they will be attended by Dr. Douglass, surgeon to the establishment. During the last 12 months 13 houses have been destroyed on the works. Recently meetings have been held in the neighbourhood relative to the mills, and petitions have been forwarded to the Duke of Northumberland both against and in favour of the renewal of the lease.

**INCENDIARY FIRES AT HIGHGATE.**—On Saturday night, about half-past 8, three haystacks were set on fire on the premises of Mr. John Johnston, a farmer and wheelwright, of North-hill, Highgate. It appears that the fire was first noticed by a Mr. Saunders, who gave the alarm, and two haystacks were found to be in flames in different parts. Had there been any wind the other stacks must have caught, also the sheds, which contained oil and other inflammable matter, as well as several gentlemen's carriages. A number of labourers were at once on the spot, who proceeded to extinguish the flames, and, after some little time, they were put out, not, however, before considerable damage was done. This is not the first incendiary fire in the northern suburbs. The last was at the Manor-farm, Finchley, and the damage done was £1,000. The police are now engaged in investigating the case, and there is very little doubt that the culprit will be captured.

**SHOCKING ACCIDENT IN THE STRAND.**—A very melancholy accident occurred on Monday afternoon to Mr. Russell Grover and Mr. Willing, two gentlemen whose names are familiar to the public as advertising agents. They were driving along the Strand in a light vehicle when suddenly, at the top of Norfolk-street, either by coming into collision with some other vehicle, or from the horse stumbling, the vehicle was capsized and both gentlemen were thrown heavily into the road. Immediate assistance was rendered, but it was soon ascertained that Mr. Grover's arm was broken, and that he had received other severe fractures. Part of the shaft of the carriage is said to have penetrated into a portion of his body. Mr. Willing was also very much hurt, but his injuries are not of so serious a character. They were at once removed to the hospital. It is said that they were not driving at a rapid pace, but the portion of the Strand where the accident occurred, between the churches of St. Mary's le Strand and St. Clement's Danes, is always very crowded and the passage sometimes a dangerous one.

**ATTEMPT TO MURDER A PRIEST IN A CATHEDRAL.**—On Sunday week, during morning service in the Lutheran Cathedral of Berlin, the liturgy was read by a young priest, a candidate in theology. Just as he uttered the words commencing the creed, "I believe in God," a young man who had forced his way through the crowd, and opened the door of the altar-rails, cried out "Thou liest," and, taking a small pistol from under his paletot, fired a shot at the minister. For a moment the whole assembly seemed stupefied; but presently a few men seized the would-be assassin, who had made no attempt to escape, and delivered him into the hands of the police. The priest, who had not been wounded, read the remainder of the liturgy, and the service was concluded in the regular way, not without special thanksgiving offered for the marvellous escape of the priest. The criminal is about eighteen years of age, and is the son of a smith, who intended him for a preacher, but he had become a materialist, and had declared he would kill the first priest he met. The ball, after a lengthened search, was found in the woodwork of a balcony.

**THE POISONING OF A MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER AT NEWPORT.**—In reference to this case the *Cambria Daily Leader* says:—"Judging from the reports now in circulation, the boy has been no other than a wholesale poisoner. While in the service of Mr. Collier he said to that gentleman's wife, 'Since I left the Caerleon schools there have not been so many children die as when I was there,' and it has since been ascertained that the words of the boy contained a startling fact, as a number of children did die while the boy was there, and their symptoms were similar to those of the late Miss Emily Collier's. When Mr. Collier's fowls died in such a manner—ascertained to be caused by poisoned grain—Mrs. Collier was so thoroughly impressed with the boy's guilt that she insisted upon his leaving the house that very night, and his reply was, 'Well, perhaps I had better go, as some one might put poison in the bread and poison the whole of you.' No particular notice of such remarks was taken at the time; but now they have a significance horrible to contemplate. After his return to the workhouse he had, it is said, a dispute with the porter, whom he told if he had only got a razor he would cut his throat. There are other rumours afloat, but the correctness of the foregoing has been ascertained."

**ATTEMPTED MURDER AT ALDERSHOT.**—Another attempted murder of a non-commissioned officer by a soldier took place at Aldershot on Saturday night. A private of the 12th Regiment named Thomas Neal was seen by Corporal John Greenan handling his rifle in a rather suspicious manner, and he determined to watch his movements closely. Shortly afterwards Sergeant Griffin, the colour and pay sergeant of the company to which Neal belonged, entered the hut. Neal got up from his bed, took his rifle from the arm-rack where he had placed

it, and was in the act of raising it and pointing it at Griffin, when Corporal Greenan and some other men seized him and the rifle before he had time to fire. He succeeded, however, in escaping from his captors, ran to another part of the room, seized another man's breechloader, and made another attempt to shoot Sergeant Griffin, but before he had time to fire he was again seized and safely secured. Neal is a soldier of about four years' service, and is said to have been up to the present time a man of good character. The only cause given for his having attempted to shoot Sergeant Griffin is that he tried to get promoted, but was led to believe that Sergeant Griffin would not recommend him to his officer.

**FRIGHTFUL SUICIDE OF A YOUNG FARMER.**—Much excitement has been occasioned at Potterne, near Devizes, by the suicide of Mr. John Glass, a young man most respectably connected, but of wild and unsteady habits. He occupied a farm at Potterne, belonging to his mother, a widow, but she found so much difficulty in obtaining any rent from her son that she was driven to the alternative of serving him with a document requiring payment by a certain day. His dissolute habits had placed him in a position of pecuniary difficulty, and in order to meet his mother's demand he was compelled to instruct Mr. Coombes, an auctioneer, at Devizes, to dispose of his growing crops. On the Wednesday he was pressed by another creditor for money, and in the afternoon he went to his mother, and talked with her for some ten minutes, the conversation naturally having reference to the forthcoming sale. After a time he abruptly asked his mother "if she would like to see a dead man in her house," and remarked that she would see one shortly. Upon this he went into the kitchen, and took up his gun, which was loaded with powder and shot. He then placed the butt-end upon the ground, and the barrel against his chest, reaching down with a stick, pulled the trigger, when the gun exploded, and the whole contents were lodged in his chest, just above the heart, causing instantaneous death. The intense suffering of his poor mother cannot be described.

**SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.**—A shocking accident occurred on Monday night at the Barnet Station of the Great Northern Railway. At 11 p.m. a train consisting of first and second class carriages left the King's-cross station, and arrived at the Barnet station at the usual time. This train goes no farther than Barnet, and the carriages are usually shunted on to a siding close by, that they may be ready for the first up-train in the morning. After the passengers had left the train, and before it had been shunted, a heavily-laden goods train, drawn by a powerful engine, dashed into it from behind, smashing some of the carriages to atoms. The materials took fire and blazed up rapidly. The station-master and the other officials on making a search found at some little distance, Henry Murphett, the driver and John Castledine, the fireman, of the goods train. They were both insensible, and were taken to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, where it was found that Murphett was suffering from several severe contusions of the arms and body and Castledine from injuries to the head and right hand. They are, however, stated to be progressing satisfactorily. At the station there is a fire-engine belonging to the railway company, and this being in working order, and a good supply of water being at hand, the fire was soon got under. In the debris of the guard's van attached to the passenger train was found the body of Henry South, one of the guards of the passenger train, who had been burnt to death.

**THE MURDER IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE IN ITALY.**—An Italian lady, the Contessa Armada Sartores Ribbrandi Cattaneo da Novara, has been murdered in a first-class railway carriage of the night train running from Rome to Naples and Florence. The countess was living apart from her husband, and had only been a short time at Naples. Her residence was at Voghera, in the north of Italy. She was in the habit of receiving while at the southern capital several officers of a cavalry regiment, one of whom, Lieutenant Negri, made a desperate attempt to stab her one night after the company had left the house. His reason, so it is stated, was that the lady had refused to write a letter to her friends to say she had committed suicide. The countess was rescued by the landlord, but deemed it prudent after this occurrence to leave Naples. Two officers and the landlord, Contieri, accompanied her as far as Caserta, where they left her, the countess refusing their company any further, as she had no longer any fear. On the train arriving at Isola, the station on the Roman frontier, the body of the unfortunate woman was found extended on the floor of the carriage, a revolver at her feet, a pistol shot in her head, and her hands covered with blood and cut as if by glass. More than this is not known at present. Some assert they saw Negri get into a third-class carriage, dressed as a civilian, in the same train by which the countess left, and that his cap was found near her. If so, he is suspected of having walked along the footboard to her carriage, and of having shot her through the window. Of him nothing has yet been heard.

**AFRAY WITH POACHERS.**—A murderous affray with poachers occurred at an early hour on Sunday morning on Lord Willoughby de Broke's estate, at Compton Verney, Warwickshire, between a gang of four men and three of his lordship's keepers named Creed, George Alibone, and Thomas Alibone. About one o'clock in the morning the keepers found a net, 70 or 80 yards long, set in Pool-field Spinney. They began to take up the net, and while doing so were suddenly attacked by four men. The whole of the keepers were assailed with stones, which, being the oolite limestone common in the district, inflicted severe gashes. Although all more or less injured by the stones hurled at them, the keepers rushed upon their assailants and a sharp conflict ensued, which is stated to have lasted for nearly half-an-hour. The poachers freely used the bludgeons with which they were armed, and, having succeeded in overpowering the keepers, managed to effect their escape. The keepers are all severely cut about their heads with blows from bludgeons. Thomas Alibone's ear was bitten through by Higgins, one of the gang, and Creed also received a savage bite on the hand. Two caps were found on the ground after the affray was over, which led to the apprehension of two men, named James Higgins and Isaac Harris, at Leamington. A third man, who was with them when the arrest was made, escaped by dragging Police-constable Torrence into the river Leam, where he freed himself from the officer's grasp, and escaped by swimming to the opposite side of the river.

**SAD BATHING ACCIDENTS.**—Some sad cases of drowning are reported from Devonshire. At Babbicombe on Saturday, a young gentleman aged twenty-one, named William Wather Holt, of Gloucester, who with his mother and sister had only arrived at Oddicombe Hall the night before, went out for a

bathe, and going too far into the water was carried out beyond his depth and was drowned. A workman named Foss, who witnessed the accident, got assistance and recovered the body in about twenty minutes, but although two surgeons were at hand, all their skill was unavailing. A no less lamentable case occurred on Saturday evening in the Dart, at Totnes. A boy named John Andrews, and another lad, were pilfering apples in an orchard near the Totnes Weir, belonging to Mr. Shinner, of Hampstead Farm. A man observing them called out, and they took to flight. One of them went across the railway bridge, but Andrews tried to ford the river, the opposite bank of which he had nearly reached when he sank in deep water. The body was recovered in fifteen minutes, but the efforts made to resuscitate the lad were not successful. Barnstaple has also furnished a deplorable drowning case. Mr. William Davis, aged thirty-three, left the Commercial Inn, Boutport-street, perfectly sober about ten o'clock in the evening, with Mr. William Bagg. On Friday afternoon his body was found in the river. His watch had stopped at half-past ten. Money was found in his pocket, and there were no marks of violence. These facts having been deposed to at the inquest, a verdict of "Accidentally drowned" was returned.

**A "NATIONALITY" FIGHT.**—The *Brighton Daily News* reports a severe fight between Belgian and English workmen near that town. There are a large number of foreigners, principally Belgians, employed in building the new nunnery at Ditchling Common, and a feud seems to have existed between them and the English workmen in the neighbourhood, but there has never been an actual outbreak until now. There having been a club day among the members of a Court of Foresters held at the King's Head last week, a large party of the foreign mechanics came over in the evening, but it was not thought proper to allow them to go into the club-room, and this seems to have led to a disturbance, the foreigners drawing their knives and making an indiscriminate attack on the company; and a young man, a blacksmith, not being aware of what was going on, on coming down-stairs was severely wounded, his head being laid open by a thrust with a knife. The aggressors were soon bundled out of doors, when, meeting with a reinforcement, they made an attack on a cart belonging to a man named Donovan, and, arming themselves with some sticks he had, again forced their way into the house and attacked the party. By this time the blood of the English was thoroughly aroused, and a terrific hand-to-hand fight between the club men and the Belgians took place, the former being supplied by a man named Walder with his "Three-a-penny" sticks, which they found very handy cudgels, the foreigners trundling and freely using their knives and sticks. The Belgians now numbered between thirty and forty, and fought savagely, but their opponents were too nimble, and used their fists and sticks too skillfully for them, and, not caring to give quarter, drove them before them, until every one was fairly cleared off the common.

**ANOTHER PARISH CASE.**—Dr. Hardwicke held an inquest on Tuesday at Camden-town on the body of James Crew, a coachman, who died in the infirmary of St. Pancras workhouse. The man had been in Colney Hatch asylum, and was discharged as cured towards the end of last year, and then received 5s. and three loaves a week from St. Pancras as outdoor relief. The guardians a short time ago discontinued this relief, and said the man, his wife, and three children must go into the house if they required more relief. The wife objected to break up her home, as she received 10s. a week for minding a gentleman's house, with which she was enabled to pay 4s. 6d. a week and support her three children. The husband, however, went into the house, and the discharge committee told him that his wife's goods must be sold to pay part of his maintenance, and that the whole family must come into the house. The wife objected, and alleges that she told the relieving officer she would support her husband out of the house if the guardians would only allow her 1s. or 1s. 6d. per week. This relieving officer did not remember, but he stated that he advised the committee to continue the outdoor relief as a better course than pauperizing the whole family. The committee did not agree with this, but insisted that the home must be broken up and the goods sold. Before any action, however, was taken the man died, and the wife stated that she believed his death was accelerated by anxiety, the result of the way in which the committee treated him. Several of the jury strongly condemned the policy adopted by the guardians in this case, and ultimately a verdict of death from natural causes was returned, to which was appended the following resolution:—"That a more judicious temporary or permanent system of outdoor relief for the honest poor would be the most economical system to ratepayers, and would be more in accordance with the requirements of the poor than by breaking up their homes and compelling them to become permanent inmates of the workhouse."

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, Dr. Beddoe read a paper on the stature and bulk of man in the British islands. He found the tallest men (averaging 5ft. 10½in.) in Upper Galloway, the heaviest (139lbs.) in Berwickshire, and the smallest (5ft. 1¼in.) among the Spitalfields weavers.

**DRAWING THE LINE AT BLOUSES.**—Three individuals wearing blouses recently entered one of the principal cafés in Paris and called for ices, which were duly served to them. After paying their shot, they told the waiter to bring them three more, but the latter, having received instructions from his master, referred the order to him. The master politely informed the trio that he could not have the honour of supplying them, seeing that his café was not frequented ordinarily by customers who wore blouses. An expostulation, soon changing into a violent fracas, resulted. Abuse was freely showered on the master of the café, and as the other guests present joined in, there was soon a pretty row, in which blows were freely exchanged. The genteel landlord was in a minority, and his windows and pier glasses were threatened with destruction, when the police appeared on the scene. Those individuals whose ice-eating propensities had been the proximate cause of the fracas, in reply to inquiries as to their names and addresses, produced their cards with great sang froid, and the unlucky master was petrified with horror when he read thereon Duke of —, Viscount of —, Marquis of —, respectively, and made his excuses as well as he could, serving the ice demanded with his own hands. The three aristocrats had just returned from a country trip, and the unlucky landlord will remember the proverb in future which says, "The cowl does not make the monk."



## THE FATAL EXPLOSION ON THE THAMES.

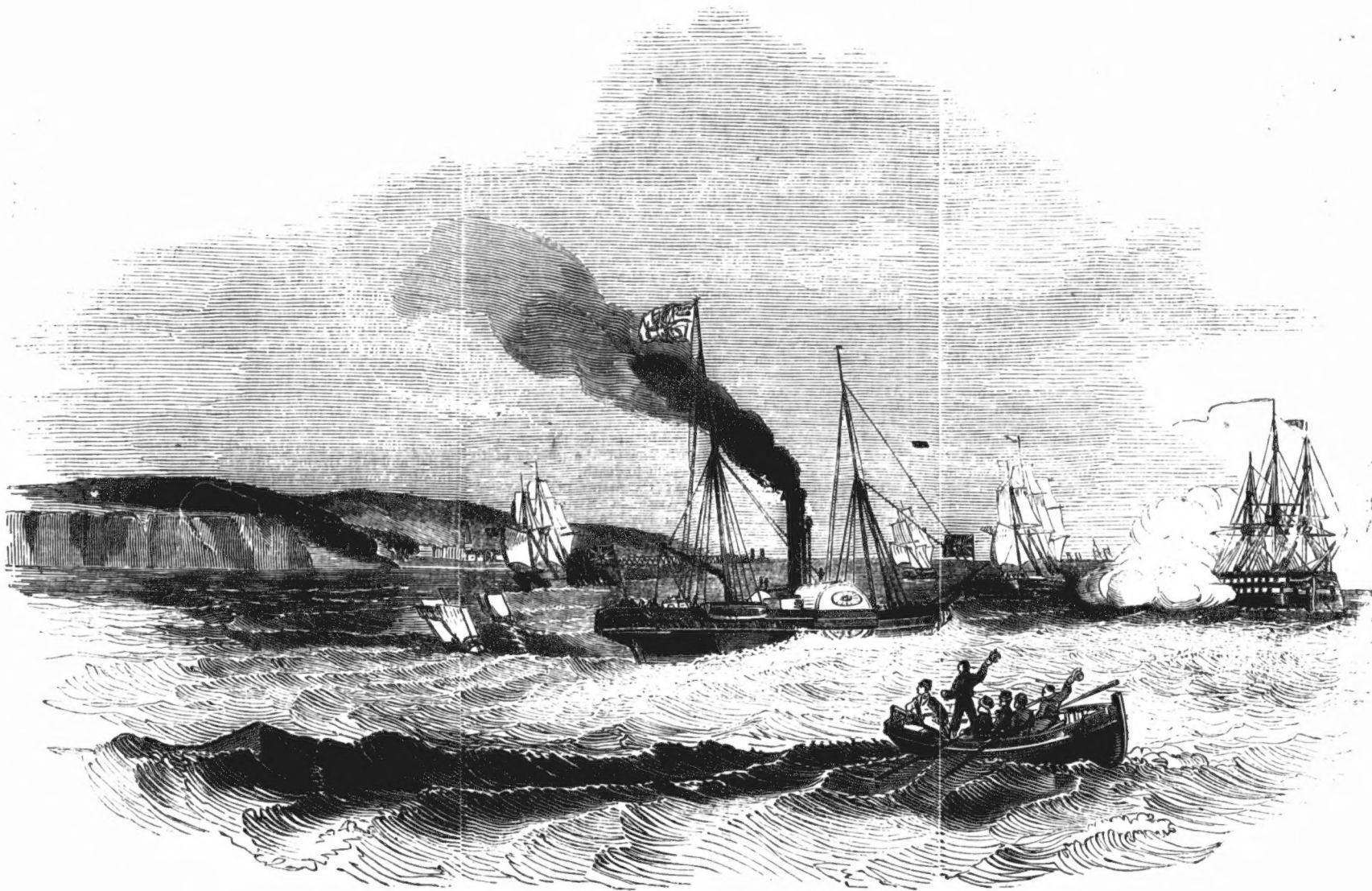
An inquiry was opened on Monday by Mr. Payne, the coroner, at Guy's Hospital, into the circumstances attending the death of a Dutch sailor named Jan Schaafsma, of the ship Orlander, which was caused by the explosion of a boiler on board the steam-tug Edward, at Brewers' Wharf on Wednesday last week, as reported in our last number. The death of Schaafsma is the third caused by the explosion. Mr. Darville, of the firm of Dowes and Darville, solicitors, Lime-street, appeared for Mr. Wilson, London agent to Mr. Graham, of Glasgow (maker of the exploded boiler). Mr. Thomas W. Traill, R.N., surveyor to the Board of Trade, represented the department. Heindrik Edelbrick, seaman on board the Orlander, deposed that about half-past nine o'clock last Wednesday morning, the deceased, who was a seaman, was on deck. Witness heard an explosion, which shook the vessel, and immediately saw the deceased lying across the bow of the vessel. He was insensible, and bleeding from the head. No piece of iron was found, but a triangular mark was found upon the cathead of the ship close to where he lay. Some pieces of sheet iron were found on deck. Michael Barrett, seaman, deposed that he saw the explosion, and witnessed quantities of iron and wood flying through the air. There appeared to be no cloud of steam, for all was clear immediately after the explosion. He afterwards saw the tug go down stern foremost. The coroner said he should like to have some explanation with respect to the construction of the boiler. Alexander Wilson, engineer, of the Vauxhall Ironworks, deposed that he knew the boiler in question, as being agent for the maker of it in Glasgow. The boiler was a multitubular boiler, with one flat and one

## SHOCKING SUICIDE NEAR THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN.

An Alloa correspondent of the *North British Daily Mail* gives the following account of a horrible tragedy which has just occurred near Bridge of Allan:—It appears that Andrew Ewing, a shepherd, has been unwell for some days, and it is said showed signs of insanity. On Sunday night his wife sent to a doctor for his attendance, but he refused to come in consequence of there being no conveyance to take him through such a rough district. On Monday Dr. Paterson, Bridge of Allan, was sent for, but it being ascertained that he was at Blairlogie, the messenger met him, and succeeded in getting him to ascend the hills to Jera. Ewing during this time was in bed, his wife attending him, and when the doctor and the two men came within 150 yards of the house the deceased's children, who were playing about, descried them, and ran into the house crying that the doctor was coming. Ewing suggested to his wife that he should go downstairs and receive the medical man in the parlour, and they went down. When in the passage, on Ewing's suggestion, his wife went to get him a glass of whiskey. While she was in the cupboard taking out the bottle she heard a heavy groan and a fall outside the room. She ran out and found Ewing lying with his pocket-knife stuck in the right side of his neck up to the hilt, the blade being 4½ in. long. She pulled out the knife, and he rose and ran out of the house, the blood spurting from the wound. She pursued him, and caught him at the wicket gate in front of the house. After a struggle, lasting nearly five minutes, he released himself, and made through the house down the garden, and off to the hills in the direction of Criny Glen. The doctor and his

## FORESTERS' DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Tuesday was the 15th "Great Day" of the Ancient Order of Foresters at the Crystal Palace, and whether in regard to the entertainments provided by the committee, or in point of the numbers attending the fête, equals, with one exception, that of any of its predecessors. This annual fête is got up by the executive council, or high court, of the lodges composing the London United District, consisting of nearly 70,000 members, and the net proceeds of the day are devoted to the augmentation of the Widow and Orphans' Fund connected with the district. On an average £1,000 has thus been added to the above fund from each of the previous fêtes, and this year extra exertions have been used to make the profits as large as possible. From an early hour on Tuesday morning the roads in South London leading to the Crystal Palace presented somewhat the appearance of a Derby Day, from the continuous stream of vehicles of all descriptions laden with the Foresters, their families, and friends. The "brethren" generally were dressed in full regalia, as worn in the lodges, while many of them had donned for the occasion the conventional costume of a Forester, consisting of a tunic of Lincoln green, white continuations, russet boots, brown hat and feathers, and belt and horn. The railway stations at London-bridge, Ludgate-hill, and Victoria were all crowded from an early hour up to two o'clock in the afternoon, while nearly every railway ran an excursion train from the provinces to bring up the country brethren. Shortly after one o'clock the officers and members of the various courts present, dressed in full regalia, to the number of about 3,000, assembled in the cricket ground where a procession was marshalled, and, accompanied by several bands, they paraded the full extent of the terraces



THE DEPARTURE OF HER MAJESTY FROM OSBORNE.—(SEE PAGE 1378.)

semicircular end. It was 8ft. 6 in. long by 5ft. 6 in. diameter. It was placed horizontally in the vessel, for and aft. The boiler was a little higher than the deck. It had two gauge cocks, so that there were two modes of ascertaining whether there was water in the boiler or not. Witness put the mountings on the boiler. It had a power of about 15 horses, and the ordinary pressure was to have been about 60lb. to the square inch. That was not the greatest pressure. 80lb. was to be the greatest pressure. The boiler was made in April last. The house surgeon of Guy's Hospital said that deceased had a scalp wound on the top of his head when admitted. He was insensible, never rallied, and died the day after he was admitted from injury to the brain from concussion. After some further evidence was given, the inquiry was adjourned. On Monday morning information was received of the discovery of the body of Mr. George Evans, the captain of the tug. It was found on Sunday afternoon, lying in the mud of the Thames, near the Tower. Contrary to all expectation, it was perfect, none of the limbs having been blown away.

**MURDER OF A POLICEMAN AT BRISTOL.**—At the Bristol assizes, before Mr. Justice Keating, William Pullan, aged nineteen, sawyer, has been indicted for the wilful murder of Richard Hill, a police-constable. The prisoner was engaged in a disturbance some months ago in a very low part of the city, and he stoutly resisted the deceased in his efforts to take him into custody. The two struggled together till they got into a beerhouse, and there Hill received a stab which caused his death. The prisoner was found guilty and was sentenced to death. He was much affected on hearing his doom.

convoy meantime came up, and with the wife and children joined in the chase. The blood flowed so freely from the wound that the wife's clothes, hands, and arms were besmeared with it. They followed the unhappy man, the wife leading the van for nearly 200 yards. Mrs. Ewing came up and caught hold of him at the top of a precipice nearly 80 feet high. He succeeded in releasing himself, and rushed forward down the declivity to throw himself over, but had become so weakened from loss of blood as to come to a sudden halt just as the ledge was reached, and leaned against a tree. The pursuers reached the edge of the glen and tried to secure him with ropes, but before they could do so with a violent effort he pitched himself forward over the precipice. He fell on a bed of sand, and when the doctor and those with him reached the spot the last drop of blood was flowing from his body, and he died in a minute or two. The struggles of the unhappy wife with her husband are described as fearful, and her life at present is in a precarious state.

**PRINTING IN ANTIQUE TYPE.**—Judd and Glass, of the Phoenix Works, St. Andrew's-hill, have, in addition to their extensive selection of Modern Types, complete Fonts of Old-faced Letters, and execute orders for large and small Posting Bills, Circulars, Reports, &c., by Steam-machinery, with the utmost expedition. Estimate on application.

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and grounds. At the conclusion of the procession the various entertainments of the day commenced, and were entered into with great spirit. Amongst the special amusements provided were the ascent of three balloons, the inflation of which during the day was watched with great curiosity. Numerous bands were stationed in the grounds, where dancing platforms had been erected, and they were fully occupied from noon until dusk. Athletic games and "kiss in the ring" were going on in different parts of the grounds with an untiring zeal. The band of the Palace and Mr. Coward on the festival organ, performed during the whole of the afternoon and evening within the palace. It was dusk before there was any perceptible diminution in the numbers present, and it must have been midnight before the palace could have been cleared of its visitors. The total number of visitors was 63,856.

**TWO BOYS DROWNED.**—On Friday two boys, who with others were running over the logs of timber floating near the shore, in the Thames, between College-street and Westminster-bridge, fell into the river and were drowned. Their bodies have not been found, and it is supposed that the tide carried them away, for they never rose after their immersion. One of the "mud larks," while scrambling for halfpence thrown down to them by very foolish passengers over the Hungerford foot-bridge, was nearly drowned the other day, but was after much difficulty rescued by his companions.

**VELOCIPEDES.**—We were invited by Messrs. Whight and Mann of 143, Holborn Hill, to inspect their new two-wheel Velocipedes, and after making a very careful inspection of the admirable workmanship, strength, &c., &c., decidedly pronounce them to be far superior to any we have yet seen—her of British or American Manufacture.



## PALACE.

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## EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

At the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday, Thomas Richards, 54, described in the calendar as a police inspector, and William Crichley, 58, described as a jeweller, were charged with unlawfully conspiring together to defeat the ends of justice by endeavouring to induce two police-constables of the metropolitan force, named James Ham and George Ranger, to give false testimony in a charge of felony against two persons named Green and Simpson, in order to procure their discharge from custody. James Ham deposed that he was a detective sergeant, and on the 17th of May last he apprehended two men named Green and Simpson for feloniously receiving a gold watch; and he afterwards searched Simpson's house and found a quantity of property. The prisoners were afterwards examined at Lambeth police-court, and while they were under remand he received a letter from the prisoner Richards asking him to meet him at the Elephant and Castle. They shook hands, and the prisoner asked him to have something to drink, and a friend of witness accompanied them to a public-house close by, the Rockingham Arms. When they came out Richards took hold of his arm and said, "Jemmy, I'll tell you what I want to speak to you about; you and Ranger have got old Alick Miles and Billy Green, have you not?" Witness replied that they had. He then asked if they wished to convict them, and he replied "Not particular." He then asked if they had not found a "lot of stuff" at Crichley's house, and old Crichley had been down to him about it, and he and Ranger could have 20 "quid" (sovereigns), and he (Richards)

they should have the money the moment Green and Simpson were "turned up." Ranger said that would not do for him, and witness made an observation to the same effect, and said that a promise was a promise. Richards then said that he knew where to find "Billy" (Crichley); and went out, and Ranger followed him. He returned in about half an hour, and said that "Billy" had told him that if they would meet in the private parlour at the Elephant and Castle on the following day at twelve o'clock they should have the money. He made a report of all these proceedings to his superintendent, and went next day with Ranger to the Elephant and Castle, and found Richards there, and he asked him if he had seen "Billy." Witness replied that he had not, and they waited a little while, and witness remarked that he could not waste his time. Richards said he could not make out where he was, and he would go to a "barrister's" and look for him. (The witness explained, amid a roar of laughter, that a "barrister's" was a slang term for a coffee-house frequented by thieves). At this time they saw Crichley standing on the other side of the way, and they went to him, and he said, "This is a bad job, but so help me God it is all the old man's stuff that you have got." They all four then went to a public-house, and Crichley said, "Tom (meaning Richards) tells me it is all right, and that you, Mr. Ranger, are a perfect gentleman." He then handed something to Richards which sounded like money, and said he must be off, and went away, and Richards asked them to go a little way with him, and when they had got a short distance, Richards said, "Well, I have got it for you." Ranger replied that he knew he had, and Richards then took 10 sovereigns out of his pocket and handed them to Ranger, and then handed 10 other sovereigns to

receipt of a pension, and held the appointment of inspect police on the Brighton Railway. The offence was of great magnitude, and the court felt that the punishment law enabled it to inflict was inadequate. The sentence of each of them, Crichley and Richards, was that they be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years.

The grand jury having recommended that the police off Ham and Ranger should be rewarded for the important vices they had rendered, the Recorder expressed his concurrence in the recommendation, and ordered that each of them should be paid a sum of £5.

JUVENILE RUFFIANISM IN THE STREETS.  
A MAN KILLED.

On Friday evening an inquest was held in Leather-lane on the body of a compositor, named George Ross, 57 years of age. The evidence was to the effect that one evening, a ten weeks since, the deceased was passing through street to his home, when he was struck on the head with a pot or bottle, which was thrown by one of a gang of boys who infested the street, committing all kinds of depredations. From the time of the injury he had been only to do a little work. He lost his speech for a time, at length expired. The general complaint was that he had at all times full possession of the streets of the local and assaulted and robbed with impunity. The widow of man Ross, said that on Friday morning she was going to some articles of mourning, and had only proceeded a short distance through Summer's-street, when she was surrounded by several boys and robbed of 16s. Other witnesses



FEEDING THE CHICKS.

could get it for them, and no one should know anything about it but themselves. They then went into the County Terrace Arms, and a man whom witness was acquainted with came up and shook hands with Richards, and Richards then said, "It is too hot here; I think these are two 'coppers' (policemen); let us go to the Dover-road; you know where." Witness refused to go where he proposed, and Richards then asked him how he stood with Ranger, and added, "that they might as well have the 20 quid as not, for they were sure to get out of it, as they were going to send some people to 'buff to the stuff'" (a slang term for claiming the property supposed to have been stolen, and stating that they had sold it). Richards then said that what he proposed could easily be done by his saying to Ranger that it was not a good case, and it would be better to have the poor devils "turned up" (discharged), and have them for something else that was better. Richards also said that it would be very easy, because they were going to send some people to "buff to the stuff," and if he and Ranger were to tell the magistrate that they had made inquiries and believed the property to belong to these people, he would discharge them. Richards then said that if he met him on the following night he would give him the stuff. Witness made a report in writing the same night to his superintendent, and acted afterwards under his directions. On the next night witness and Ranger met the prisoner Richards at the Elephant and Castle, and he shook hands with them, and invited them to drink, and, addressing Ranger, he said, "I assure you, Mr. Ranger, it will be all right, and no one but ourselves will know anything about it." Witness then asked if he had got the "stuff," and Richards replied that he had seen Crichley, and he said that

witness, at the same time saying, "Now, look here; don't let us have any mistake; if they don't get 'turned up,' you must return the money, for I'm responsible to Billy for it." Witness and Ranger then left the prisoner Richards and proceeded to the police-station, where he handed the money to his superintendent. On the following Sunday the prisoner Crichley was taken into custody, and witness went to the London and Brighton Railway Station to look for Richards, but could not find him.

Evidence was then given that Green had been previously convicted of felony, and sentenced to 14 years' transportation. Crichley was also proved to have been convicted of felony; and evidence was given that Simpson, whose real name was Miles Henton, had formerly lived at Bradford, in Yorkshire, and that he was a notorious receiver of stolen property. Part of the gang with which he was connected were apprehended in 1864, and the police were about to apprehend the prisoner, but he absconded, and nothing was heard of him until he was apprehended on the present charge.

The Recorder, in passing sentence, said that Green, according to his own admission, had been previously convicted, and Simpson had been known for a number of years, and had on one occasion escaped from trial. They had now been convicted of receiving stolen goods, and there was no doubt this had been carried on for a considerable time. The sentence upon each of them was that they be kept in penal servitude for 12 years. With regard to Crichley and Richards, they had been convicted of endeavouring to defeat the ends of justice, and Crichley had been convicted before and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The case of Richards was peculiarly bad, because he was a retired officer of police in the

similar testimony, and some who had been summoned were afraid to attend the inquest. A Mrs. Catharine McGowan, who had been fetched as a witness by the coroner's officer, stated that she saw the missile thrown at the deceased, and knew the boy who threw it well. She did not attend to the coroner's summons, because she was afraid, as the boys told her that if she gave evidence against them they would waylay her and pay her. The medical gentleman who made the post-mortem examination was not then present, and the inquiry was adjourned.

**A WIG AND A WIGGING.**—Two young men were returning one evening last week from St. Cloud, where they had dined well, and were consequently slightly the worse. On the way home to Paris they had purchased one of those balloons which children are so fond of sending up. On a sea in the Bois these young jokers observed an old fogie peaceably slumbering, and as it was hot he had removed his hat, revealing a fine wig which he wore. The youngsters conceived the idea of sending his perruque on a voyage of aerial navigation so they crept softly up and attached the string of the balloon to it and then let go. The balloon rose majestically in the air, carrying off the wig. Its owner waking up clapped his hand to his denuded head, but he was too late, his hair was in air, and fast was becoming lost to sight, to memory dead while the bystanders who were gazing with great amusement at the travelling wig laughed him to scorn. However, he called the police after the two "young villains," and they will be brought up at the police-court for robbery of a "gent's" wig of air.

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Printed for the Proprietor, by JUDAH and GLASS, Phoenix Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons; and Published for the Proprietor by E. GRIFFITHS, at the Office 13, Catherine-street, Strand.—Saturday, August 21, 1869.